

G.
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Ladies From Hell...THE KILTIES ARE COMIN'

10c

52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

ANC

No.12
JUNE

The
PATCHWORK
QUILT



In This Issue
9
Exciting Action
FEATURES



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G.I. Joe in

"With love, Mom"

MODERN WARS ARE FOUGHT WITH SUPER-SCIENTIFIC WEAPONS, BUT SCIENCE HAS NEVER FOUND A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HUMAN HEART. AND DEEP DOWN, EVEN THE GRUFFEST, TOUGHEST-TALKING GI HAS A DIVINE SPARK THAT, PROPERLY NOURISHED, CAN BE FANNED INTO A FLAME OF WARMTH FOR HIS FELLOW MEN... AFTER A LIFETIME OF WALKING ALONE, JIM TAGGERT, OF BAKER COMPANY, FOUND THAT HE, TOO, COULD BELONG TO SOMEONE..



JIM TAGGERT

GEE, LISTEN, GUYS! MY BROTHER RALPH JUST WON ANOTHER CASE! WHAT A LAWYER! HE'LL BE A BIG MAN SOMEDAY!

YEAH, AND WHAT'LL YOU BE? JUST ANOTHER VET TELLIN' WAR STORIES ON THE CORNER... IF THE REDS DON'T GET YA FIRST!

YOUR BROTHER'S CLEANIN' UP WHILE YOU ROT HERE! BOY, I'M GLAD I DON'T GET LETTERS. THEY'RE BAD FOR MORALE!

NOT HALF AS BAD AS YOU ARE, TAGGERT! IF YA HAVE TO GRIPE KEEP IT TO YERSELF! AN' LAY OFF THE KID!



OLD MOTHER-HEN MULVANEY! ALWAYS DISHIN' OUT THE HOPE AND GLORY ROUTINE!

YEAH? WELL, I'M FED UP WITH YOUR GRIPIN' AN' MOANIN'! WHY'D THEY STICK YA IN BAKER COMPANY, ANYWAY?



CHEER UP, SARGE! I'M DUE FOR ROTATION, IF MY REPLACEMENT EVER SHOWS UP! THEN I WON'T SEE YOUR UGLY KISSER ANY MORE!



AN' I WON'T BE SORRY TO SEE THE LAST OF THAT SOUR PUSS OF YOURS ...

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE! TAGGERT'S GOT A RIGHT TO GRIPE! HE'S... HEY, HIT THE DIRT!





WHOOIE!
THAT WAS
CLOSE! SOUNDS
LIKE 76 MILLIMETER
STUFF!

YEAH, AN WE ALMOST
GOT IT, JAWIN'
WITH THAT
TAGGERT! HE
GETS IN MY
HAIR!



AW, HE AIN'T A
BAD JOE! BEEN
SWEATIN' OUT
TOO MUCH COMBAT
ON THE LINE,
THAT'S ALL!

SO HAVE A LOT
OF OTHER GUYS!
WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
HIM?



HE'S A FIRST-
RATE FIGHTIN'
MAN, AN' THAT SURE
COMES IN HANDY WITH
SO MANY GUYS LEAVIN'
ON ROTATION!

MAYBE! BUT HE
OUGHT TO CUT
OUT THE
GRIPIN'! IT'S
BAD FOR THE
NEW KIDS!

A LITTLE LATER THE ENEMY BARRAGE LIFTS...

SHORTLY AFTER, AT A REAR ASSEMBLY POINT...



C'MON, YOU GUYS! BATTALION
WANTS US TO PULL
BACK! ON THE
DOUBLE!

NICE OF 'EM! BE
JUST MY LUCK TO GET
CLOBBERED BEFORE MY
REPLACEMENT SHOWS UP!
WHAT'S HE DOIN'—
HITCH-HIKIN'?



HEY, GUYS! THE
REPLACEMENTS
ARE HERE!

ABOUT TIME!



YOU TAGGERT? I'M
JEROME DEARING!
I'M REPLACING YOU,
I GUESS!

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK AT
THE GREEN KIDS THEY'RE
SENDIN' UP!



WELL, IF THAT AIN'T THE
ARMY FOR YA! KID, YOU
OUGHTA BE HOME WITH
YOUR MAMA!

OKAY BY ME, BUT I'VE
GOT A JOB TO DO
FIRST! NOW YOU CAN
GO HOME TO YOUR
MAMA!



I AIN'T GOT NO MOTHER!

GEE, I'M SORRY! HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY FAMILY... A GIRL... SOMEBODY THAT CARES FOR YOU?



NAH! I NEVER FOUND NOBODY WORTH GETTIN' SOFT ABOUT! I TRAVEL ALONE!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE REALLY AS TOUGH AS YOU SOUND, JIM!



IT'S MY THEORY THAT PEOPLE ARE REALLY LONELY INSIDE! THEY NEED SOMEONE, JIM...

WHEW! I'M GONNA BUST OUTA HERE BEFORE YOU START LECTURIN' ME ON ARMY REGS OR DIS-

MANTLIN' AN M1! SEE YA, KID! AN' THE NAME IS TAGGERT!



THE NEXT DAY...

BAKER COMPANY WON'T BE THE SAME! HOW DO THESE KIDS LOOK TO YOU, JOE?

PRETTY GREEN, SARGE, BUT THEY'LL MAKE IT! GET A LOAD OF THAT KID DEARING WITH TAGGERT! THEY BEEN GETTIN' REAL CHUMMY!



WELL, KID, I'M SHOVIN' OFF! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YA!

OKAY, TAGGERT, AN' TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



YEAH— SURE— WELL, I... HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



PARKER, RE-GROUP YOUR MEN! RED TANKS HAVE CUT OFF THIS WHOLE SECTOR! MOVE OUT ON CONDITION RED!

PANY H.Q.



ALL RIGHT, SLUGGERS,
LET'S GO! LOAD UP ON
AMMO AND FOLLOW
ME OUT!

JUST WHEN I'M COOLIN'
MY ACHIN' FEET!



THAT MEANS YOU, TOO,
TAGGERT! THAT STATESIDE
LIVIN' WILL HAVE TO WAIT!
THIS LOOKS BAD!
C'MON, MOVE IT!

OF ALL THE DIRTY,
ROTTEN... C'MON, KID,
STICK WITH ME!

WITH POUNDING PULSES, THE GIs FORM A DEFENSE
PERIMETER AGAINST THE RED TANK THRUST...



LOOK AT THEM BABIES!
YOU CAN'T STOP THAT
WITH AN M1!

BATTALION, THIS IS RED
DOG! WHAT ABOUT THOSE
PLANES? WE'RE ZEROED IN
ALL ALONG THE LINE!



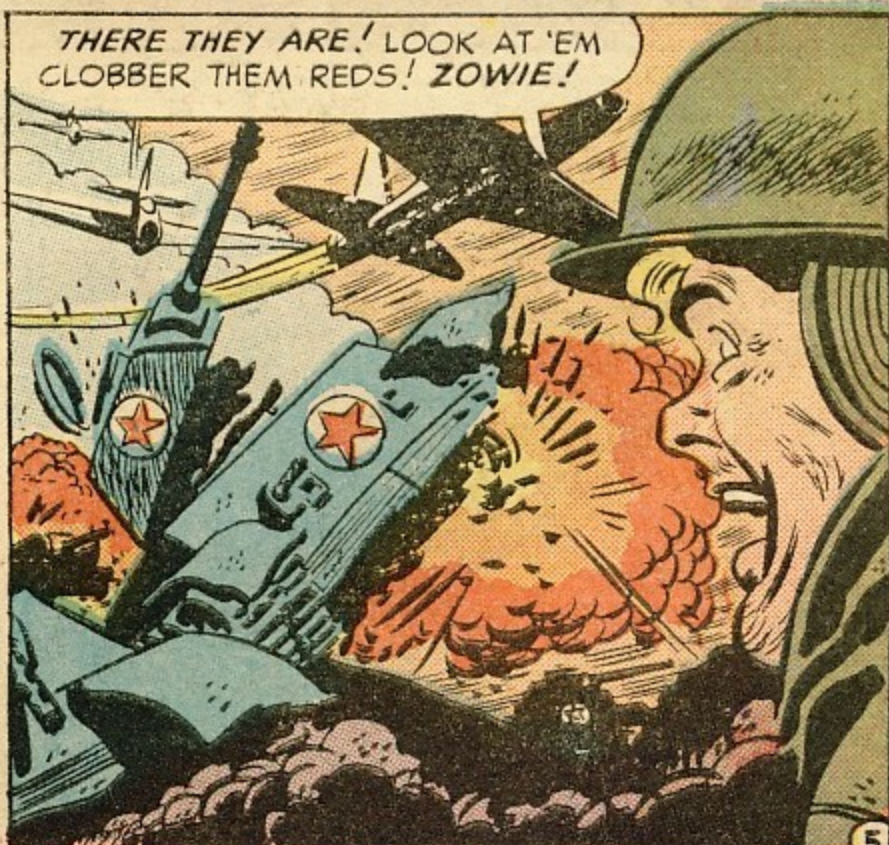
SCARED, KID?

YEAH, BUT I'M GLAD IT CAME
SO QUICK! I'LL GET IT OVER
WITH, FASTER!



HERE THEY
COME, SARGE!

WHERE ARE THOSE PLANES?
WHERE ARE THOSE PLANES?
WHERE ARE ...

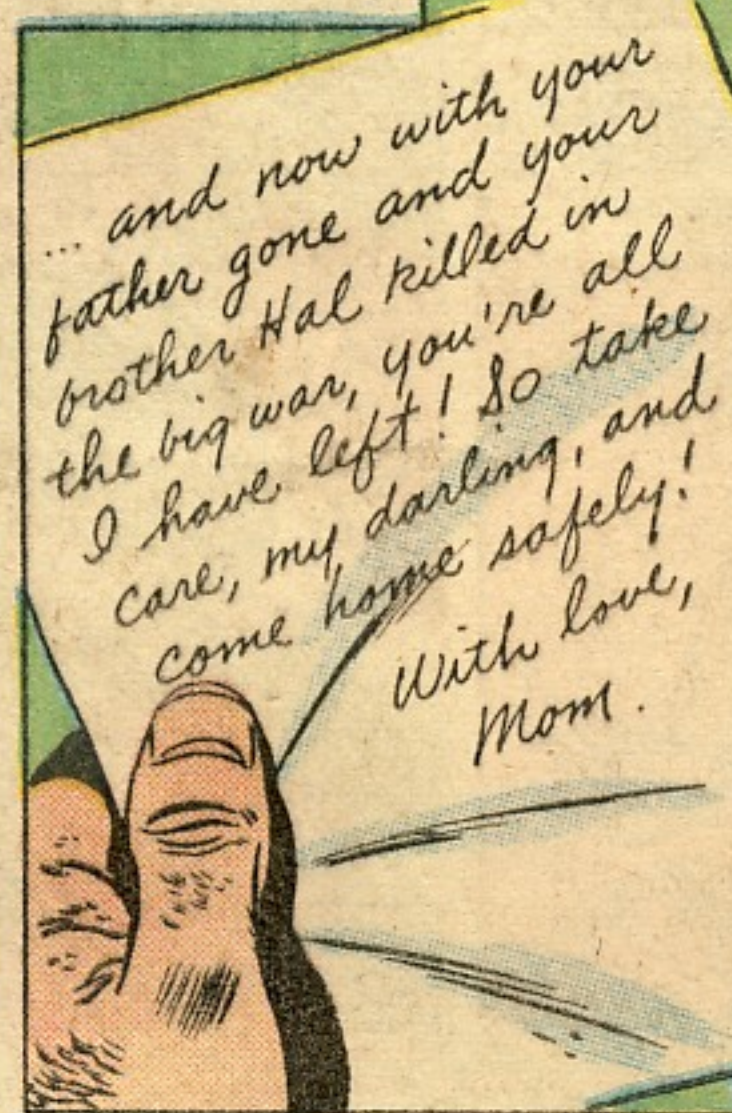


THERE THEY ARE! LOOK AT 'EM
CLOBBER THEM REDS! ZOWIE!

SOON IT IS OVER! THE REDS ARE BEATEN! ANOTHER THRUST STOPPED, ANOTHER FIGHT BECOMES A STATISTIC...



THE TENDER WORDS IN THE LETTER ROCK TAGGERT AS ENEMY FIRE AND STEEL HAVE NEVER DONE...



"DEAR MRS. DEARING: I WAS WITH YOUR SON JERRY WHEN THE REDS GOT HIM. HE WAS A SWELL KID. HE DIED BRAVE. I'M NOT MUCH AT WRITING LETTERS, BUT I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU..."



SARGE, LOOK! THE LONE WOLF IS WRITIN' A LETTER! WHAT IS IT, TAGGERT, POISON PEN TO YOUR DRAFT BOARD?

PROB'LY BAWLIN' OUT THE KID'S MOTHER 'CAUSE HIS REPLACEMENT WAS KILLED!



NEXT DAY...

SARGE, DID YA HEAR? TAGGERT TALKED THE CO. INTA LETTIN' 'IM STAY ON AS A REPLACEMENT FOR DEARING!

WHAT!! NOW I HEARD EVERYTHING! IMAGINE A GUY REPLACIN' HIS REPLACEMENT!

MAYBE HE'S NOT SO NUTS! HE KINDA TOOK TO THAT DEARING KID!

AN' THE WAY HE GRIPE TO GO HOME! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!

A WEEK LATER, AS BAKER COMPANY IS BACK ON THE LINE...

I CAN'T GET OVER IT! NOT A GRIPE OUTA TAGGERT IN DAYS, AN' HE KEEPS WRITIN' THEM LETTERS! WHAT GIVES?

I FIGURE HE'S SORTA FINDIN' HIMSELF! HE'LL BE OKAY! LEAVE 'IM ALONE!

HEY, MORTAR FIRE!

THAT WAS TAGGERT'S SPOT! HE'S HIT! GET THE MEDIC!

MORTARS AREN'T BIG FREIGHT, BUT THEY'RE NASTY! LATER IN A FIELD HOSPITAL...

WELL, TAGGERT, YOU'RE GOIN' HOME FOR REAL THIS TIME! SAY, THIS LETTER CAME FOR YOU... FROM DEARING'S MOTHER!

A LETTER...? IT'S... THE FIRST ONE I EVER GOT! WILL YA READ IT, JOE?

"...YOUR LETTERS TELL ME YOU'RE ALONE! I'M ALONE, TOO, NOW! JEROME ALWAYS SAID THAT PEOPLE NEED EACH OTHER! SO WON'T YOU COME AND MAKE YOUR HOME WITH ME WHEN YOU COME BACK? WITH LOVE, MOM."

GEE, ARE YA (GULP) GONNA DO IT, TAGGERT?

JOE, MY MAIN GRIPE AGAINST THE WORLD WAS 'CAUSE I NEVER HAD A MOM! NOW I GUESS I GOT ONE!...YEP, I ACCEPT!



STRANGE, INDEED, ARE THE FORTUNES OF WAR... ONE BRAVE LAD DIED FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM AND, ANOTHER, A HOMELESS YOUTH, FOUND A PLACE IN A MOTHER'S HEART!

THE END



WAR ALLOWS NO TIME FOR TENDERNESS. YET THE APPEAL OF THE WEAK AND THE HELPLESS REACHES OUT TO MEN OF COURAGE EVEN IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE. AS RED MIGS ZOOM OUT OF THE SKY, KOREAN REFUGEES STREAM ACROSS A CRUDE, WOODEN BRIDGE TO ESCAPE THE FURY OF THE BLAZING GUNS...



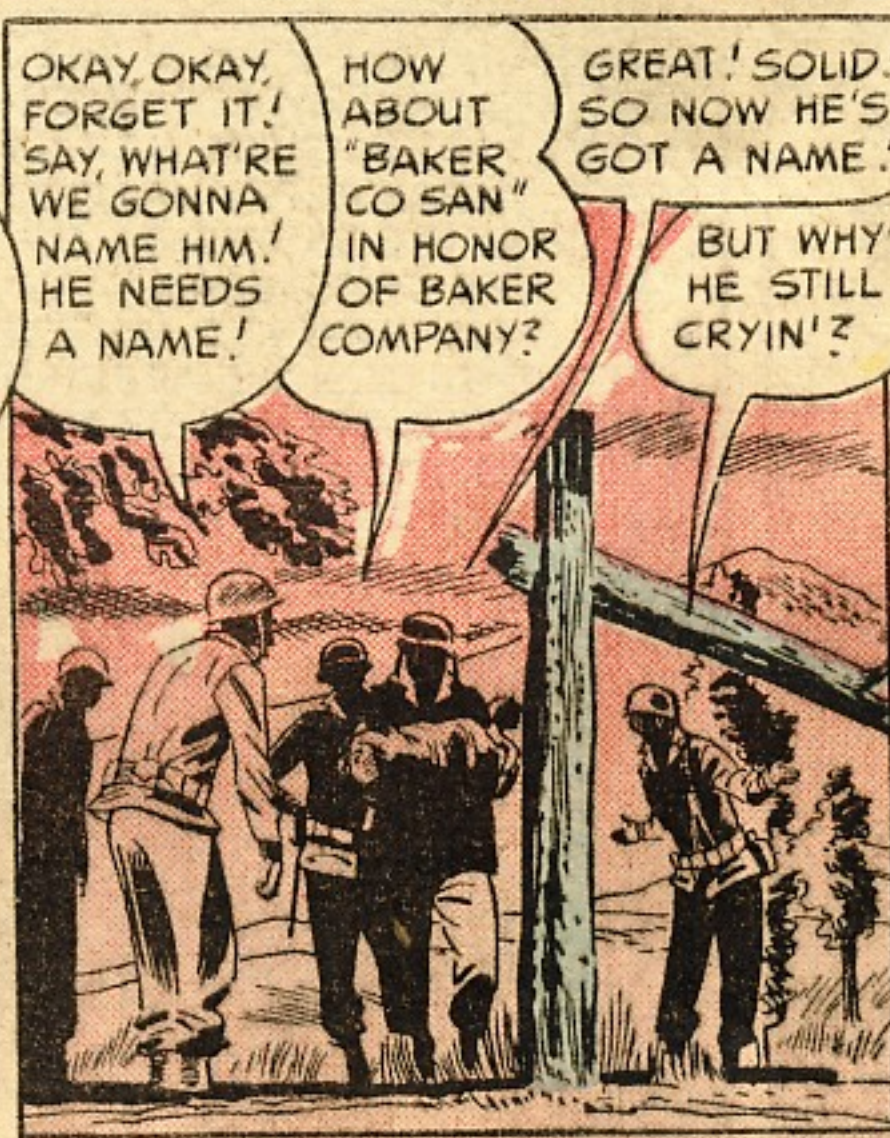
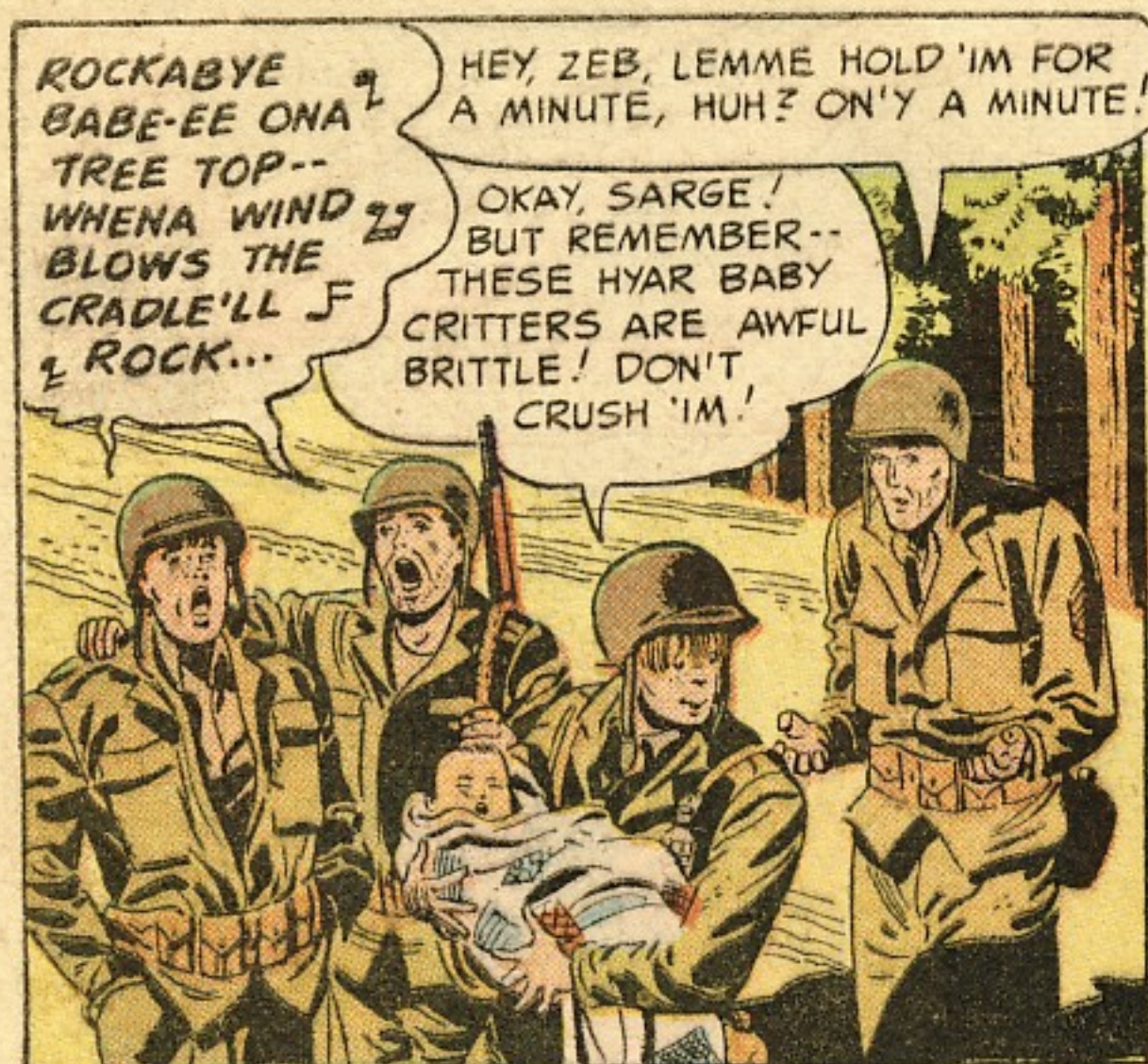
LO SAN, MY HUSBAND! NO! NO!

MAI TIE, HURRY! THERE IS NO TIME! THE PLANES!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, THE MEN OF "BAKER" COMPANY SLOWLY ADVANCE...







MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT TOWN...





THE MILK IS BROUGHT, AND SOON A MAKE-SHIFT BOTTLE IS IN PRODUCTION...



SUDDENLY, THE EARTH REVERBERATES FROM A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS...



AS JOE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE WOODED AREA WHICH SURROUNDS THE VILLAGE...





BUT "BAKER" COMPANY HAS HEARD THE GUNFIRE, AND AS THEY HEAD FOR THE RED ATTACKERS, THEY MET JOE HALFWAY...



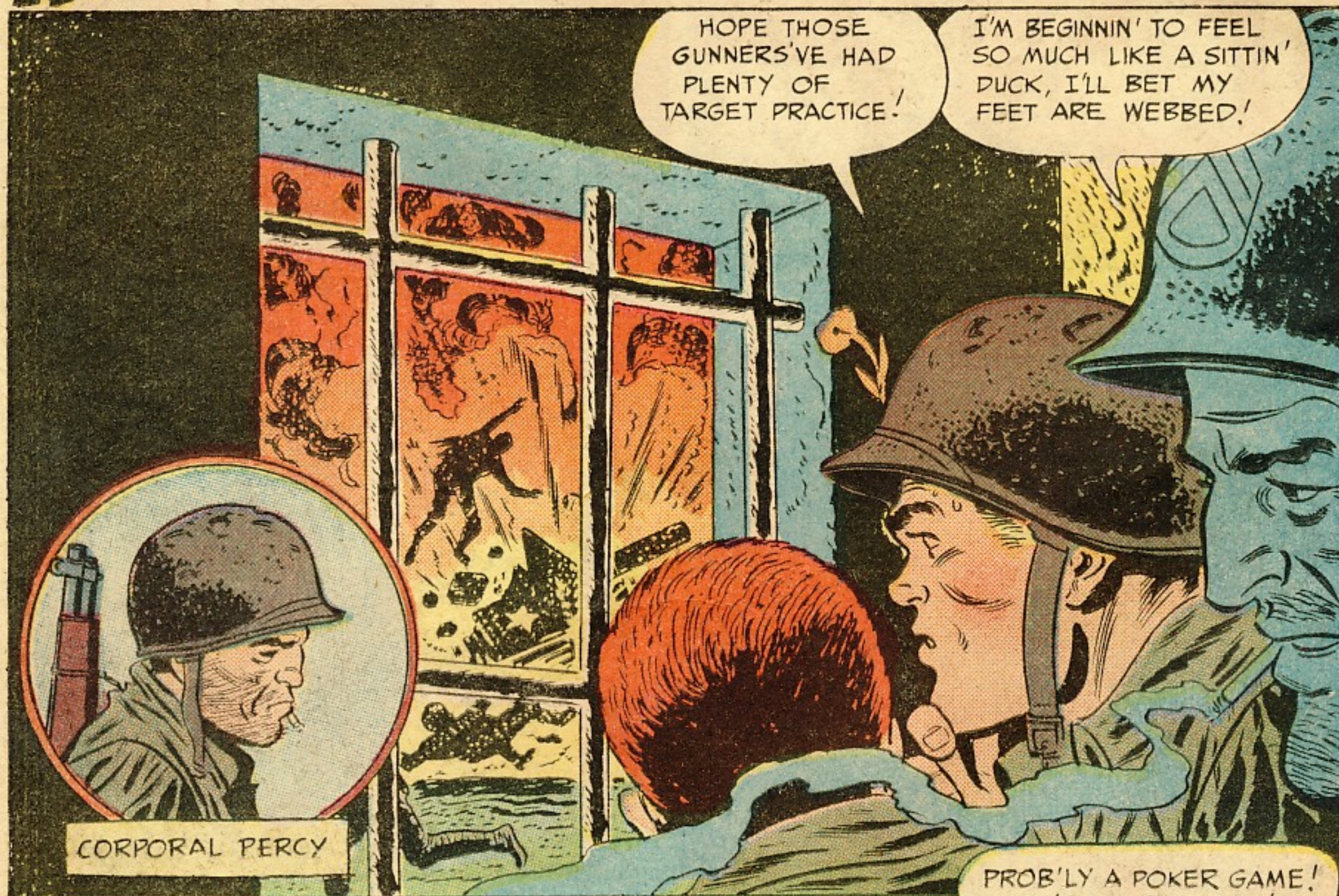
AFTER A BITTER STRUGGLE, THE REDS ARE DRIVEN OFF. JOE RUNS TOWARDS THE DEMOLISHED HUT...



THE END

G.I. Joe *in* KNIT ONE—FIRE TWO

NOTHING STRIKES SO MUCH DREAD INTO THE HEART OF A SOLDIER AS TO BE UNDER FIRE FROM HIS OWN GUNS! BUT WHEN AN ENEMY POSITION MUST BE DESTROYED, THE G.I. MAY HAVE TO FACE EVEN THAT-- AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE OF THOSE DESTRUCTIVE SHELLS MAY WIPE **HIM** OUT ALONG WITH THE FOE...



AT BAKER COMPANY'S HEADQUARTERS, JOE AND SERGEANT MULVANEY DRAG THEMSELVES IN, TIRED, DIRTY, HUNGRY AND OUT OF SORTS AFTER A TRYING MISSION...

WELL, SARGE, I SEE WE GOT SOME NEW REPLACEMENTS... THESE DON'T HARDLY LOOK DRY BEHIND THE EARS!

YEAH, JUST ABOUT THE TIME WE GET THE OUTFIT WHIPPED INTO SHAPE, THEY SPRING ANOTHER BATCH OF GREENIES ON US!

WONDER WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

PROB'LY A POKER GAME! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!





PINCH ME, JOE!
PINCH ME! ALL
MY YEARS IN THIS
MAN'S ARMY, I
AIN'T NEVER
SEEN A SIGHT
LIKE THIS ONE!
AM I DREAMIN'?



JOE, TELL
ME, AM I
DREAMIN'?

NO, SARGE, YOU SEEN IT ALL
RIGHT! IT'S A CORPORAL--AN
INFANTRY CORPORAL--AND
HE'S SITTING THERE, RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF BAKER COMPANY
AND **KNITTIN'** AWAY!



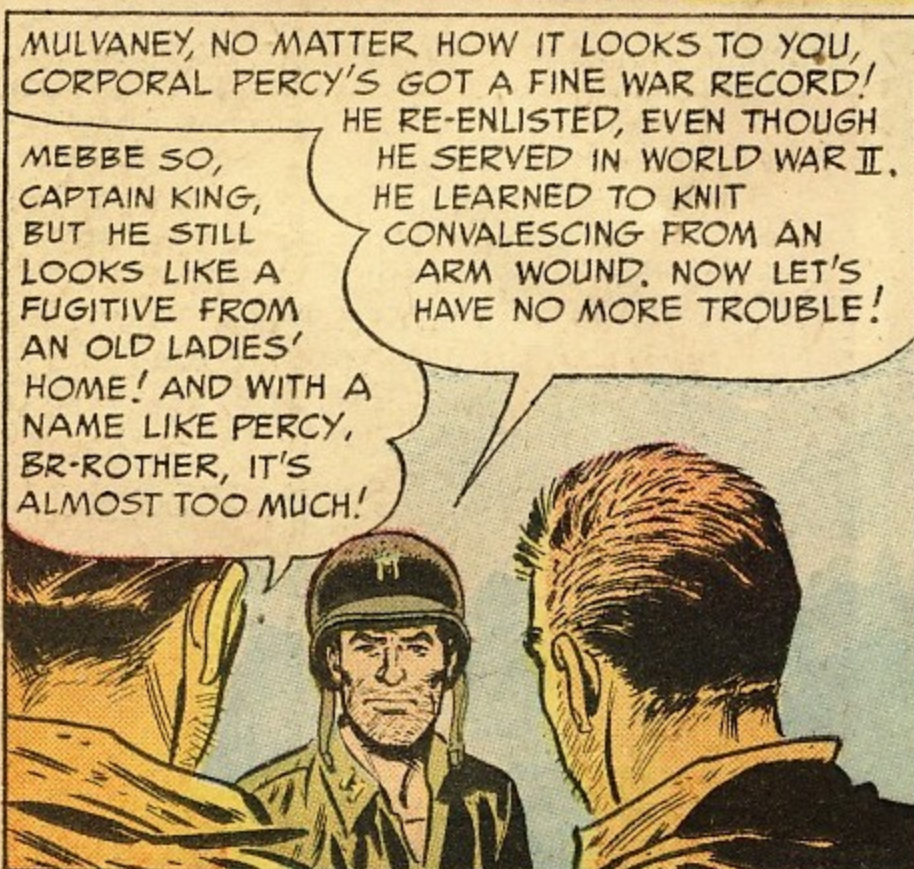
WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT?
NOW WE'RE GETTIN' OUR
REPLACEMENTS FROM THE
OLD LADIES' HOME!



SO YOU DON'T LIKE
MY KNITTIN'? WELL,
I CAN USE MY
DUKES FOR OTHER
THINGS, TOO! WANT
A SAMPLE?

STAND
BACK,
BOYS!

'TEN-
SHUN!



MULVANEY, NO MATTER HOW IT LOOKS TO YOU,
CORPORAL PERCY'S GOT A FINE WAR RECORD!
HE RE-ENLISTED, EVEN THOUGH
HE SERVED IN WORLD WAR II,
HE LEARNED TO KNIT
CONVALESCING FROM AN
ARM WOUND. NOW LET'S
HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE!

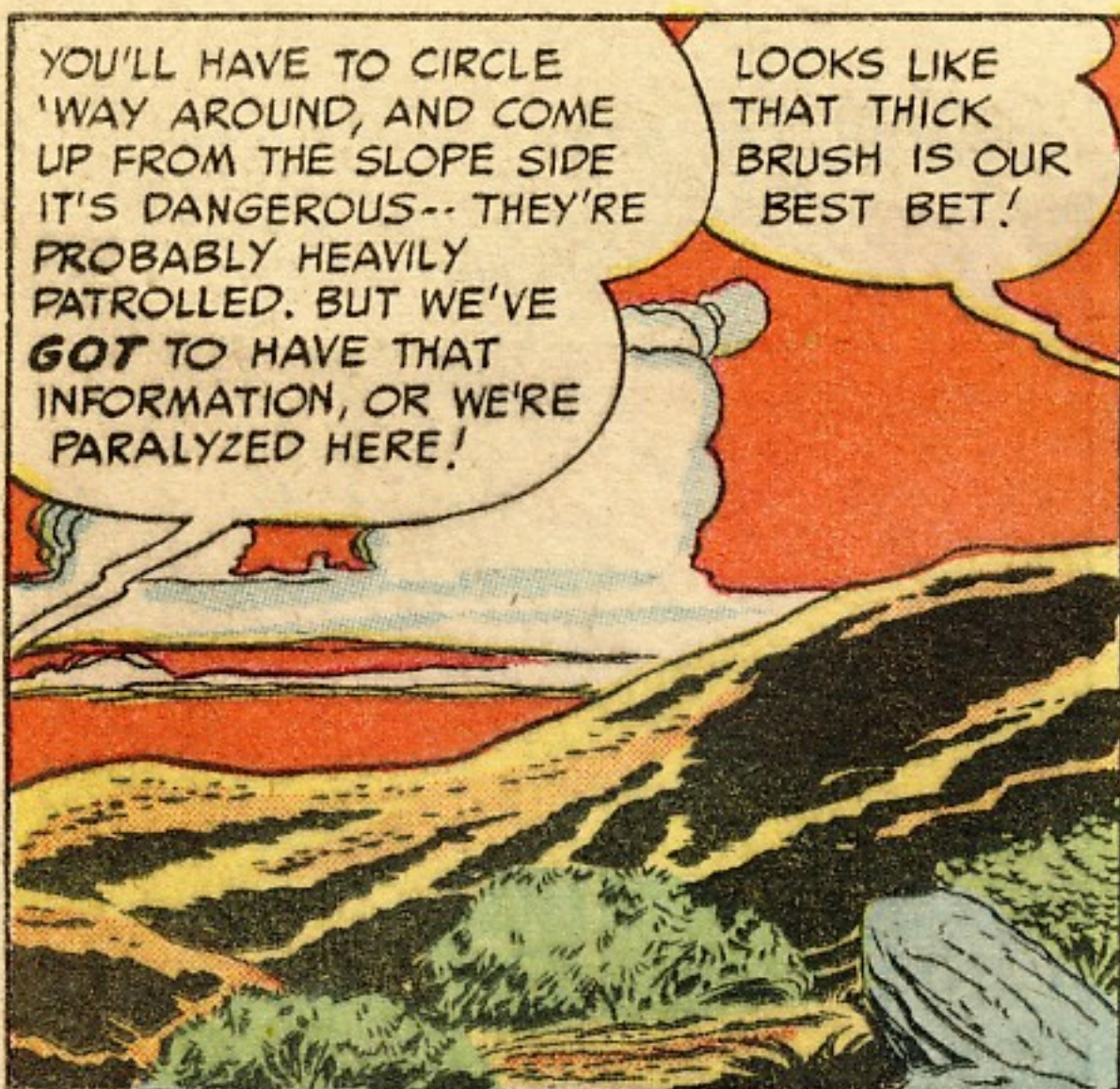
MEBBE SO,
CAPTAIN KING,
BUT HE STILL
LOOKS LIKE A
FUGITIVE FROM
AN OLD LADIES'
HOME! AND WITH A
NAME LIKE PERCY,
BR-ROTHER, IT'S
ALMOST TOO MUCH!

*BUT THE NEXT MORNING, PERSONAL DIFFERENCES
ARE FORGOTTEN, AS MULVANEY AND HIS SQUAD
ARE BRIEFED FOR A HAZARDOUS SCOUTING MISSION...*



MEN, THE ENEMY ENCAMPMENT
WE'RE APPROACHING IS A TOUGH
ONE--THE TOUGHEST! THEY'RE
SITTING ON THE EDGE OF A
BLUFF ABOUT A HUNDRED
FEET ABOVE US... WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT STRENGTH THEY'VE
GOT UP THERE--IT COULD BE
ANYTHING!

THAT'S A
HUNDRED
FEET OF
BARE ROCK--
WE CAN'T GET
UP THAT
WAY!



START SOMETHIN',
THE SARGE SAID!
WHAT SHOULD WE
DO? THROW SOME
GRENADES?

NAW, THAT'LL BRING
THE REDS DOWN
ON US LIKE A FLOCK
OF VULTURES. NOW
LISTEN...



THE SMOLDERING LITTLE FIRE THE GI'S HAVE
SET IN THE BRUSH SOON BECOMES A ROARING
BLAZE WHICH BRINGS THE ENEMY GUARDS TO
THE SCENE. SAFELY HIDDEN, CORPORAL PERCY
WATCHES THEM FIGHT THE FIRE...

WHAT FOOL IS SO CARELESS
OF HIS HEAD AS TO START
A FIRE! HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN OUR
AMMUNITION CAVE
NEARBY?



HIGH ON THE
HILL, MULVANEY
AND JOE SURVEY
THE ENEMY
LAYOUT.

THAT BRUSH FIRE WAS A
GOOD IDEA! THAT WAY THE
ENEMY DON'T HAFTA KNOW
THERE'S ANYONE SNOOPIN'
AROUND! ANY STRAY
CIGARETTE MIGHT'VE
STARTED IT! WONDER
WHO THOUGHT OF IT?

I DID! FIGURED BY
THE TIME ENEMY
THOUGHT TO LOOK
AROUND, OUR BOYS'D
HAVE A HEAD START
BACK TO CAMP.

THE KNIT-AN'-
PURL BOY! WHO
ASKED **YOU** TO
THIS SHINDIG?



LOOK, SERGEANT, I
CAME TO FIGHT A
WAR--NOT YOU!
YOU'LL FIND I'M A
PRETTY HANDY
GUY IN A TIGHT
SPOT!

OH, YEAH?
WELL...

SO, OUR ENEMIES
FIGHT AMONG THEM-
SELVES! YOU
WILL DROP YOUR
GUNS AND COME
WITH US!

IT WOULD GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO
HAVE YOU SHOT AT ONCE! BUT MY ORDERS
ARE TO HOLD YOU UNTIL
MORNING FOR QUESTIONING
BY OUR COLONEL. SO I
MUST POSTPONE MY
PLEASURE--**TILL
MORNING!** TO
THE PRISON HUT!



OUR COLONEL WILL BE HAPPY! THERE IS NOTHING HE LIKES BETTER THAN TO GET PRISONERS FOR QUESTIONING!

IT IS SO! NOW IF I WERE A PRISONER, I WOULD PRAY TO BE SHOT FIRST— RATHER THAN FACE THE COLONEL'S WAY OF QUESTIONING! INSIDE, YOU DOGS!



GRIMLY, THE THREE G.I.'S WEIGH THEIR CHANCES...

DOOR'S PADLOCKED ON THE OUTSIDE-- AND THERE'S TWO GUARDS THERE. I CAN HEAR 'EM TALKIN'!

FLOOR'S NOTHIN' BUT BARE ROCK. NOT A CHANCE TO DIG OUT, EVEN IF WE HAD THE TIME!

THIS WINDOW'S NOTHIN' BUT A TWO-FOOT HOLE IN THE WALL!



THAT WINDOW'S NO ANSWER! EVEN IF YOU COULD SQUEEZE THROUGH, THAT'S A HUNDRED-FOOT DROP. THEM COMMIES AIN'T SO DUMB TO PUT THEIR PRISON-HUT RIGHT HERE!

ANY CHANCE OF SIGNALLING OUR CAMP FROM HERE, SERGEANT?

YEAH, SARGE, MEBBE WE COULD WIGWAG 'EM AN' LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE HERE!

WHAT GOOD'D THAT DO? TILL THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST, THEY CAN'T MOVE IN, ANYHOW! AN' TO THINK WE GOT THE DOPE READY FOR 'EM NOW, EVERYTHING THEY'D NEED!



HOW ABOUT TOSSIN' THE SKETCH OUT FROM HERE, SARGE?

AH, THEY'D NEVER GET IT-- ANY BREEZE WOULD CARRY AWAY A PIECE OF PAPER!

YOU SAY THEY **ARE** WATCHING THE BLUFF, SERGEANT?

WHATSA MATTER, YOU WANT TO GET PNEUMONIA?

NO, LET ME GET NEAR THE WINDOW -- I'LL NEED ALL THE LIGHT WE CAN GET! IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE'VE GOT!





BUT WHATSA SENSE PULLIN' YOUR SWEATER TO PIECES? THAT WON'T GET US NOWHERE!

WE'LL UNRAVEL IT AND TWIST THE YARN TOGETHER, SEE? MAKE A LINE WE CAN LET DOWN. THEN, IF WE TIE THE SKETCH INTO SOMETHIN', MAYBE A HELMET, OUR BOYS'LL SEE IT SWINGIN' FROM THE BLUFF-- AND SEND OUT TO PICK IT UP!

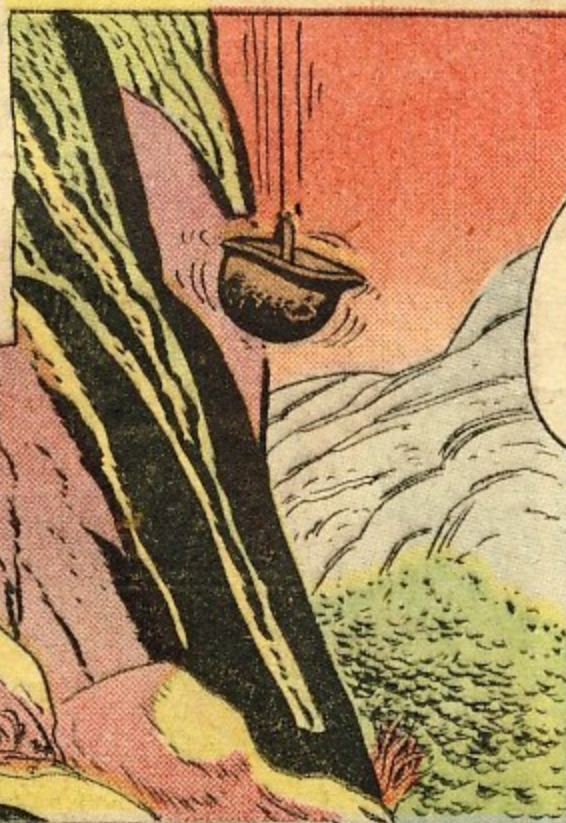


WELL, THIS GIVES 'EM ALL THE DOPE! THAT IS, IF THEY EVER GET HOLD OF IT!

HEY, IF THEY DO GET IT, AN' THEY START TO BOMBARD THIS SET-UP-- WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?

RIGHT IN THE BULLS-EYE OF THE TARGET! UNLESS CAPTAIN KING SAVVIES THE LITTLE MESSAGE I PUT IN THERE!

AS GENTLY AS THOUGH IT HELD A KING'S TREASURE, THE CAP WITH ITS PRECIOUS BURDEN IS LOWERED OVER THE BLUFF...



AT HEADQUARTERS, A KEEN-EYED OBSERVER SPOTS THE STRANGE OBJECT COMING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BLUFF.

CAPTAIN, I KNOW IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING DANGLING ON A STRING-- SWINGING FROM THE BLUFF OVER THERE!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK! HMM, MAY NOT MEAN A THING-- BUT WE'D BETTER CHECK! SEND OUT A COUPLE OF MEN TO BRING IT IN!



IT'S A HELMET! AND IT'S GOT SOME PAPERS TIED UP INSIDE-- LOOKS LIKE A DIAGRAM!

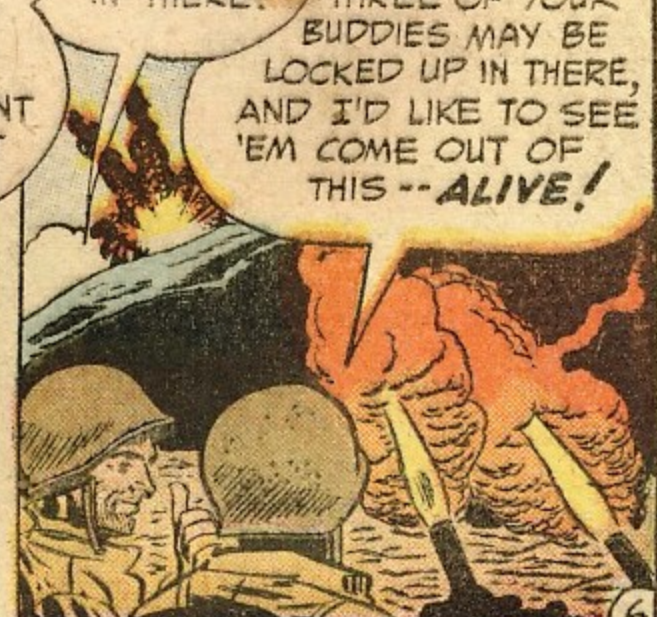
MAYBE IT'S A TRAP, SIR! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THOSE COMMIES MIGHT TRY NEXT!

THINK IT'S A DECOY, CAPTAIN?

DECOY, NOTHING! SEE THAT ARROW? THAT MEANS THAT MULVANEY AND PERCY AND BURCH ARE IMPRISONED UP THERE! PERCY **KNEW** I'D REMEMBER HIS FRACAS WITH SERGEANT MULVANEY THAT FIRST DAY!

I HATE TO BRAG, CAPTAIN, BUT WE SURE ARE LOEBIN' IT IN THERE!

GOOD! BUT JUST KEEP IT AWAY FROM THAT HUT! REMEMBER, THREE OF YOUR BUDDIES MAY BE LOCKED UP IN THERE, AND I'D LIKE TO SEE 'EM COME OUT OF THIS-- **ALIVE!**



MEANWHILE, IN THE LITTLE PRISON-HUT...



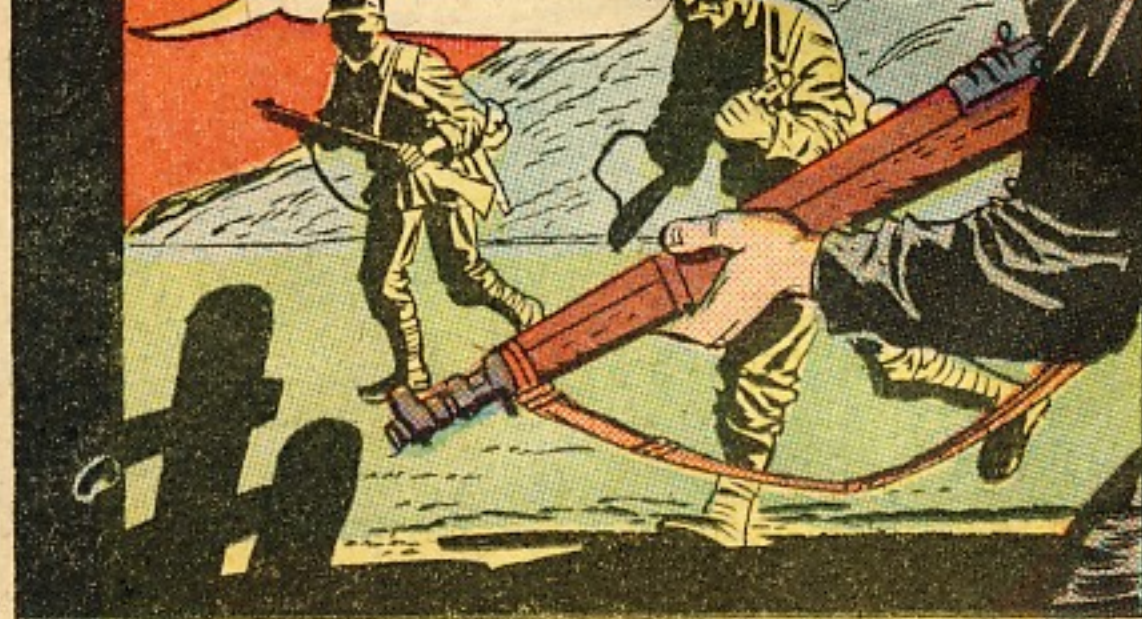
THINK WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, SARGE?

I DUNNO. NO ONE COULD HOPE TO BE **THAT** LUCKY!

LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE OUR LITTLE CRUMMY FRIENDS ARE COMIN' TO GET US!

YEAH. THEY'RE PROBL'Y GONNA HAVE US SHOT BEFORE SUPPER, INSTEAD OF BEFORE BREAKFAST!

ME, I'M ALLERGIC TO FIRING-SQUADS. MAYBE IT'D BE POLITE TO PREPARE A LITTLE RECEPTION?



LUCKY THIS DOOR OPENS OUTWARD!

NOW, WE GOT IT ALL STRAIGHT? JOE, YOU GO FOR HIS RIFLE-- BUT QUICK!

OKAY, PERCY. I HOPE YOU GOT A GOOD, STRONG BACK!



OVER THIS WAY, GUYS! THEY'VE GOT AN AMMUNITION DUMP NEEDS ATTENTION!



I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE I LIT MY FIRST FIRECRACKER!

THE HEAVY BARRAGE OF ARTILLERY SOON DRIVES THE ENEMY FROM ITS POSITION ON THE HILL. BEFORE LONG, JOE, MULVANEY AND CORPORAL PERCY ARE SAFELY BACK IN BAKER COMPANY CAMP...



ANY DOGFACE WHO OPENS HIS KISSER TO LAUGH WILL PULL DOWN ENOUGH K.P TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME!

SAY, KNITTIN'S FUN! WHAT DO I DO NOW, PERCY, OL' PAL?

The End

Pvt.

BRAGG

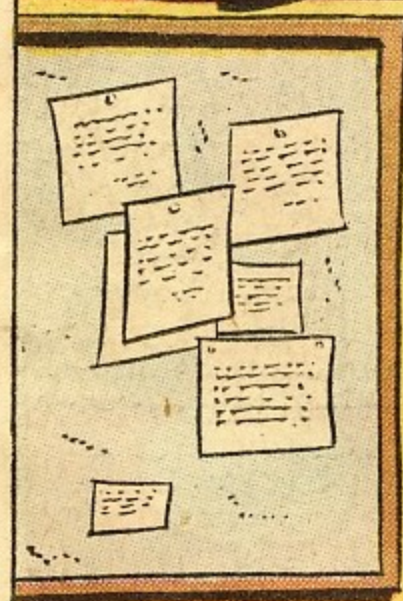


THAT'S
ME!

IN

"THE
BORN
LEADER"

BZZ-BZZ
BZZ-BZZ
BZZZZ



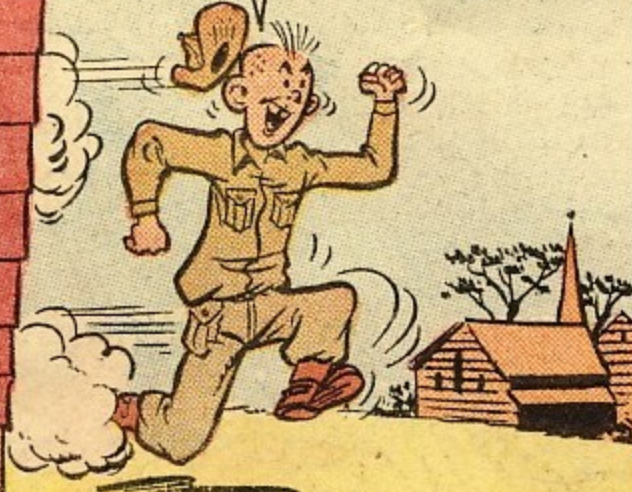
by BROWN & GANTZ.



COMMANDING
OFFICER
PRIVATE

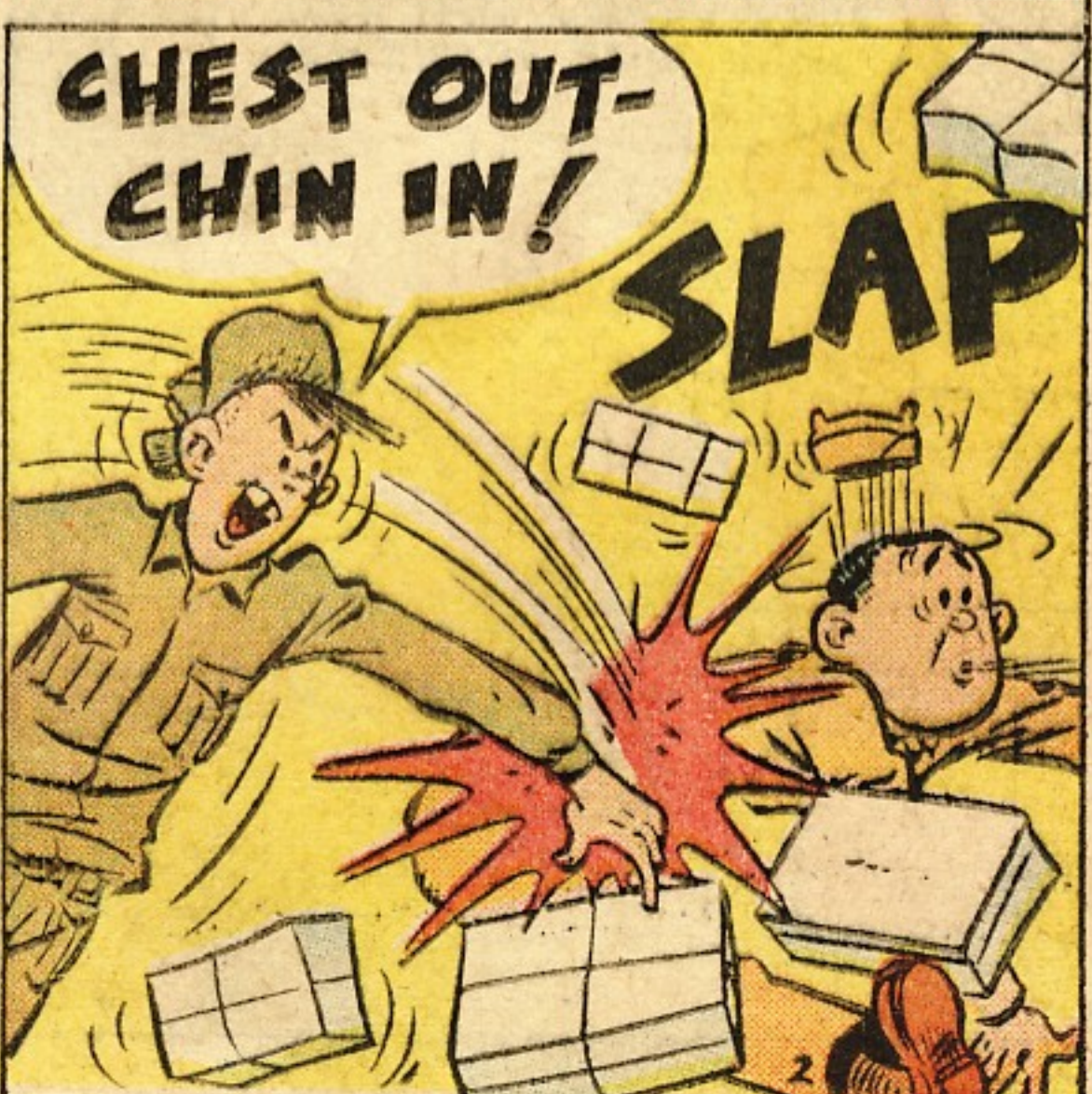
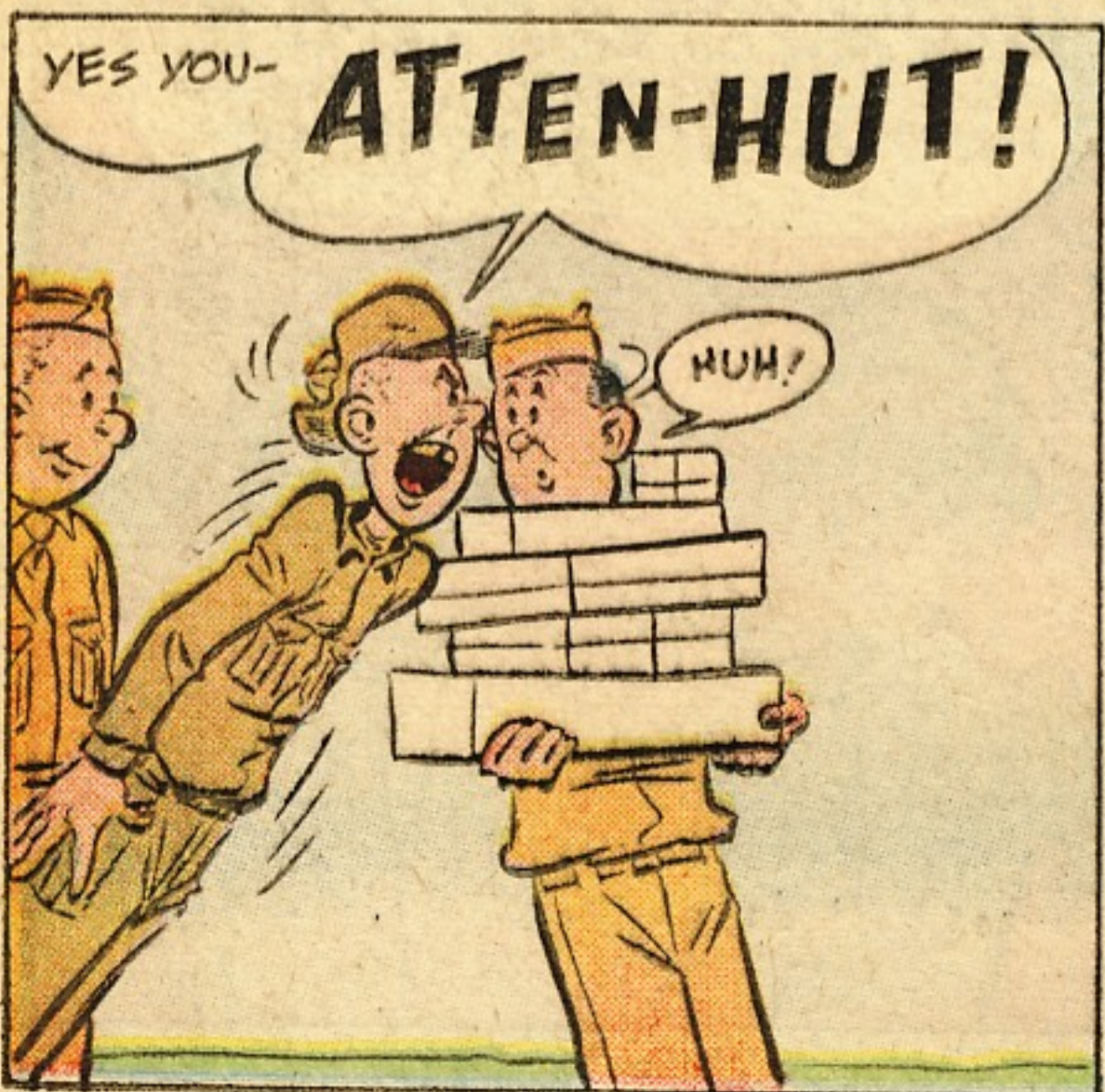


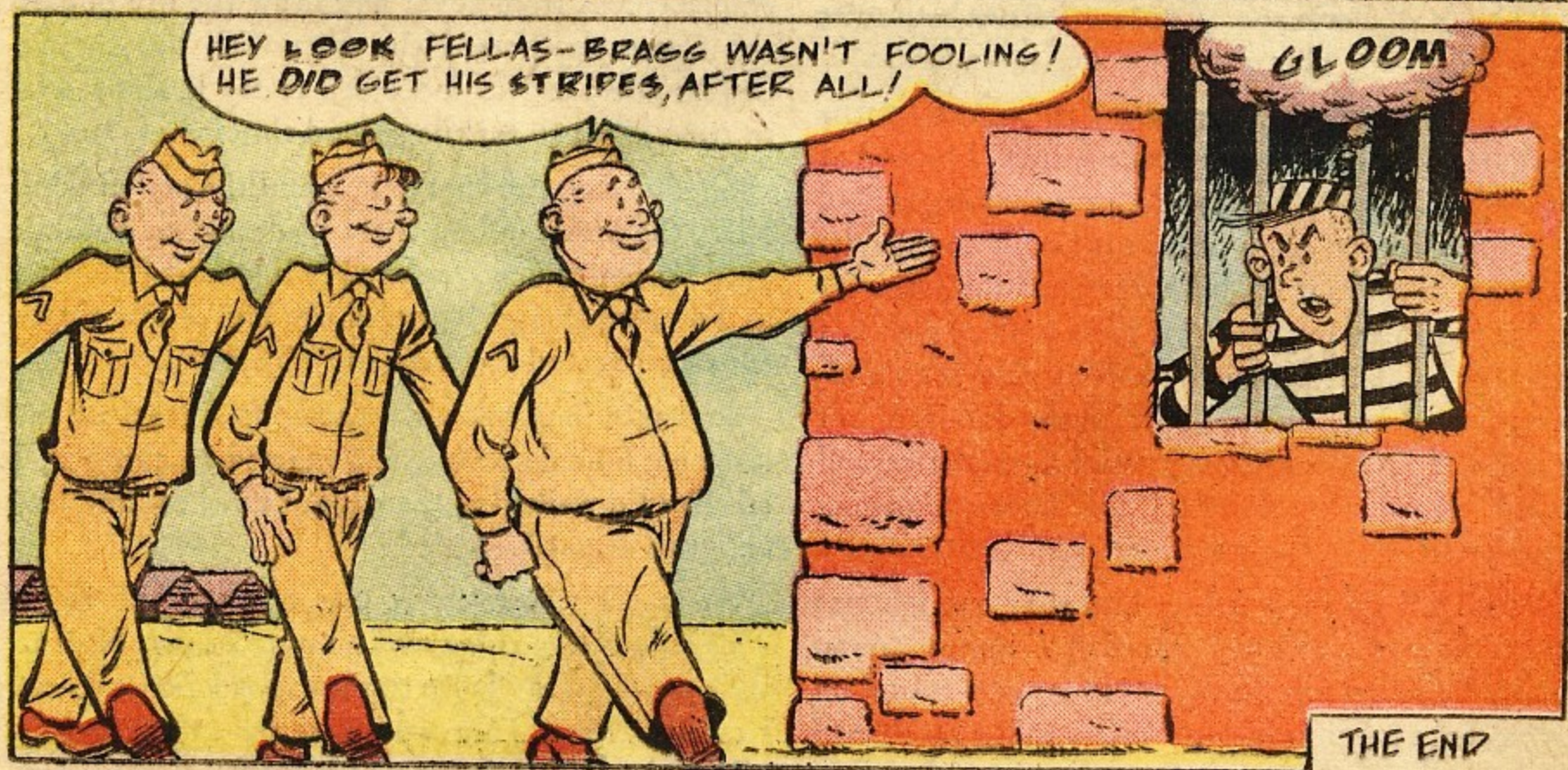
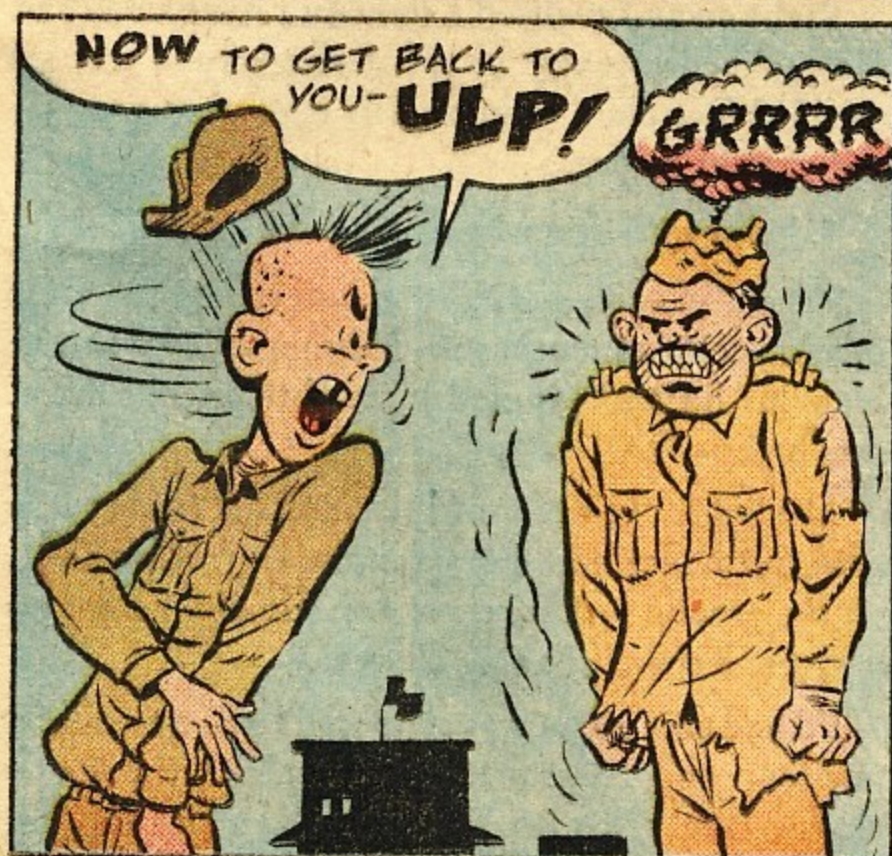
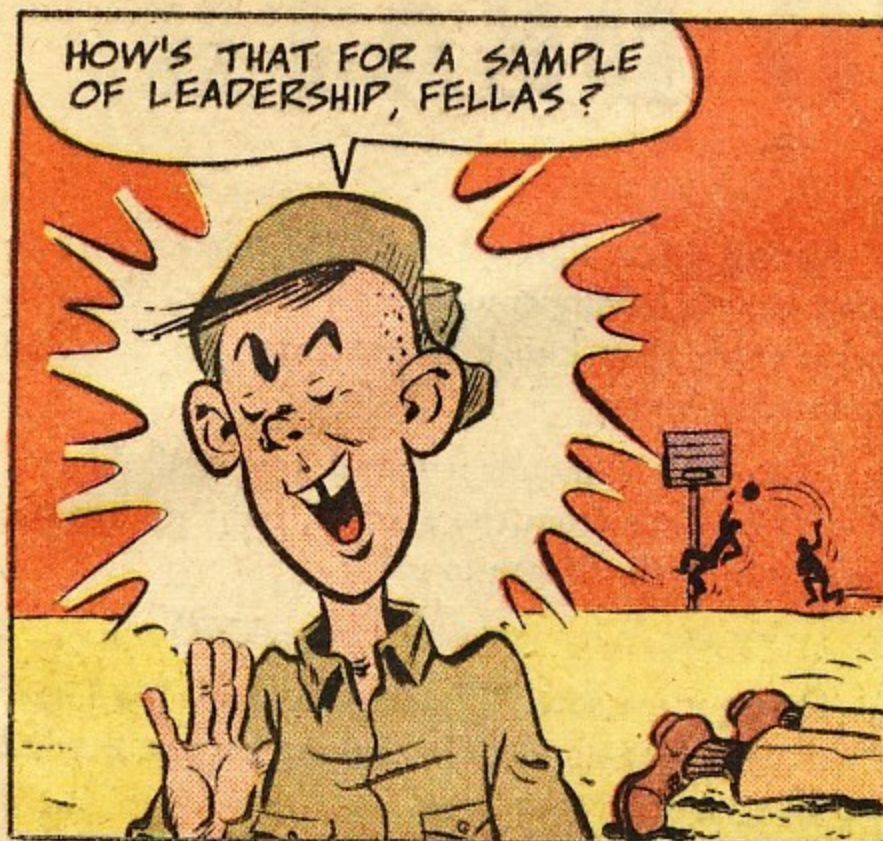
HOT DOG! WAIT TILL THE
GUYS HEAR ABOUT THIS!



YEP! IT'S GOING TO BE **P.F.C. BRAGG**
FROM NOW ON, BOYS! JUST HEARD IT
OVER AT THE ORDERLY ROOM!
PROMOTIONS COMIN' UP!







SCARED TO DEATH

RIGHT from the start I didn't want Johnny Perkins along. "He's green," I told Captain Jeffries, "just like his brother Al was, and likely to blow his top the same way when we get up there. Not another Perkins, Captain! Give me anybody else—"

"That'll do, Sergeant. You're taking Perkins. He's a good man!"

"He'll blow his top!" I repeated. "If anything, he's worse than his brother was. Shook like a leaf when I told him. Scared to death!"

"That's all, Sergeant!"

When I heard *that* tone I knew there was no use arguing. I didn't like it, but that *was* all. I gave the Captain the old high-ball, just to let him know I had no hard feelings against him for sending me to my death, and started out the door.

"Just a minute, Sergeant!"

"Yessir!" A reprieve? Maybe Captain Jeffries had grown to like me after two years of combat together. Maybe he'd decided to spare my life, after all.

"Plenty scared yourself, weren't you, first time under fire?"

It had been so long ago, I hardly remembered. "Yessir!" I said. "Yessir, guess I was." I stood there, waiting for him to go on.

"That's all, Sergeant." Captain Jeffries bent over his work again. There was nothing more to say.

Then, it was dusk, nearly time to go, and for the thousandth time I was cursing my luck, I looked at the kid in disgust. His hands were shaking so bad he couldn't even apply the burnt cork to his own face. I had to do it for him. Fastened his grenades to his belt, too, for fear he'd start pulling pins out too soon. Then I propped a rifle against his shoulder. After that, I oriented him on the details of our mission. I had to raise my voice to make myself heard above the noise of his knees knocking together.

When I'd finished telling him that our job was to knock out a heavily guarded Commie ammo dump, he sat plunk down on his cot and stared up at me, his eyeballs glaring whitely in his blackened face.

Sitting down that way steadied his knees, but now he was having trouble with his lips. "Wh-wh-why can't they knock it out from the air?" he wanted to know.

"Too well camouflaged and too well dug in. Gotta be done from the ground, right up against the dump wall. It's up to us!"

"Why us? Why not somebody else?"

That got me sore. "C'mon, *chicken!*" I ordered. "On your feet—and quit shaking or you'll wind up like your brother Al—"

Right away I realized I shouldn't have said that. He grabbed my arm in the darkness and put his terrified face close to mine. His eyes were popping out of their sockets.

"Al was with *you* when—when he got it?"

"Yeah," I said, giving it to him straight. "Same mission coupla months ago. Mission failed when he blew his lid and exposed himself to enemy fire. I was lucky—"

The kid let go my arm then, and his rubber legs gave out under him. For a minute he just sat there on the ground looking up at me. Finally, he got up and stood there, shaking all over.

I'd had enough. It was supposed to be a two-man mission; one to crawl up and place the demo charge, the other to sight on the machine gun emplacement from cover and draw the fire in case the Commies spotted the man with the charge. Orders or no orders, I decided to try it alone, and to trust my luck for the second time.

Shouldering the charge box and the coil of wire, I left the kid standing there in darkness. I didn't even bother to look back to see if he was following as I started slogging toward the line of low ridges which separated me from my objective.

It was a long hike. By the time I reached the last one, Suicide Ridge, and started to climb it, I felt like I'd walked to the edge of nowhere and was about to drop off.

At last I was over. It was nowhere, all right. This side of the ridge was no man's land. Now to slide down on my belly to that spot I remembered from last time. That would be the ammo dump; off to the left there would be the gun emplace-

ment, manned by four Red soldiers who—I hoped—were sleeping peacefully.

Only they weren't! I had just started laying the charge when it happened—a sudden blast of fire—from the *right*!

I wasn't prepared for that! The blast should have come from the left! Were there two emplacements guarding the dump, one on either side?

A sudden rat-tat-tat on my left answered that question in a hurry, and I was caught in a beautiful crossfire. Dirt started kicking up all around me, stinging my face and hands.

Another blast: this time small-arms fire from the top of the ridge!

Up there, too! Without knowing it, I must have crawled right past them on the way down. Well, anyway, I wouldn't have to worry about getting past them a second time. No more roll calls for Sergeant Fred Becker—not with slugs coming at me from three directions.

My only worry now was to get the job done before one of those flying slugs got me. The dirt was my friend. I hugged it close and worked feverishly, keeping my body as close as possible to the stone wall of the dump.

Talk about miracles! Nothing hit me. *Nothing*! Not even after the job was done and I'd started inching my way back up the ridge, letting wire out behind me.

Once away from the dump, I felt a little better. The darkness offered good concealment; in motion I wasn't just a clay pigeon sitting in one spot, waiting for it. I had a chance now. It would take strafing fire to get me.

But I remembered there's always the one that has your name on it, so I didn't just get up and walk away. Crawling over the dump to safety, I didn't forget to give a wide berth to the spot above me on Suicide Ridge, where the small-arms fire had come from.

On my belly on the safe slope of the ridge, it took me a minute or two to get used to the idea that I was still alive. Then I detonated the charge.

Can you imagine what it's like, hearing a million pounds of high explosives going off all at once? Compared with the raindrop patter of the firing that had gone on before, this was like the end of the world.

Quiet again . . . The machine guns had stopped their rat-tat. There was no more rifle fire from the top of the ridge.

Mission accomplished—I sneaked home.

* * *

Captain Jeffries was unusually patient, helping me, I guess, to overcome my embarrassment.

I was getting it all off my chest: "Wasn't until I heard the firing on my *right* that I realized exactly what happened the first time when I went up there with the kid's brother—there were two emplacements then, same as now! Al Perkins had spotted the crossfire even before I could get near enough to the dump to plant the charge. That's why he got up and ran—to draw the fire from *both* sides. I see it all now, Captain . . . It was the only way it could have been done."

I paused, waiting for Captain Jeffries to say something.

But he didn't. He just gave me a long, slow look that left me with the feeling that he wanted to, but wouldn't. After a while he seemed to relax. Then he smiled.

"That's all, Sergeant," he said.

Next time I saw Captain Jeffries was on the parade grounds. I was color-bearer, standing at the head of the battalion holding Old Glory, when he and Colonel Jackson took their places on either side of me and got ready to give out the citations.

Two of them today. One for a Squad Leader who'd tossed a hand-grenade in the right direction; the other a Silver Star for Private First Class Johnny Perkins "for exceptional valor in drawing enemy crossfire from his companion, with small-arms fire from Suicide Ridge."

I was still thinking about Johnny Perkins and about his dead brother, wondering about posthumous decorations when the band struck up the battalion march.

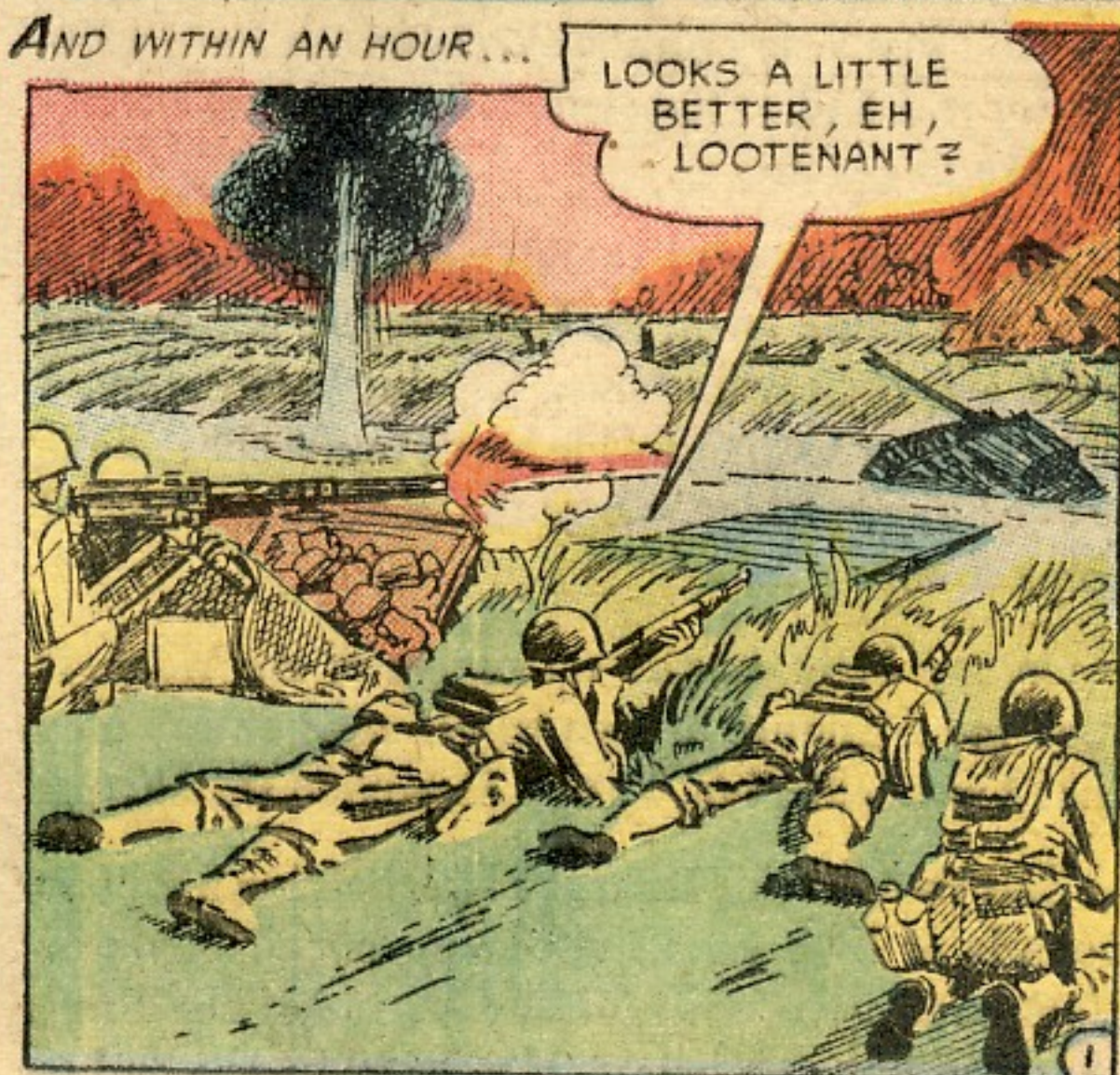
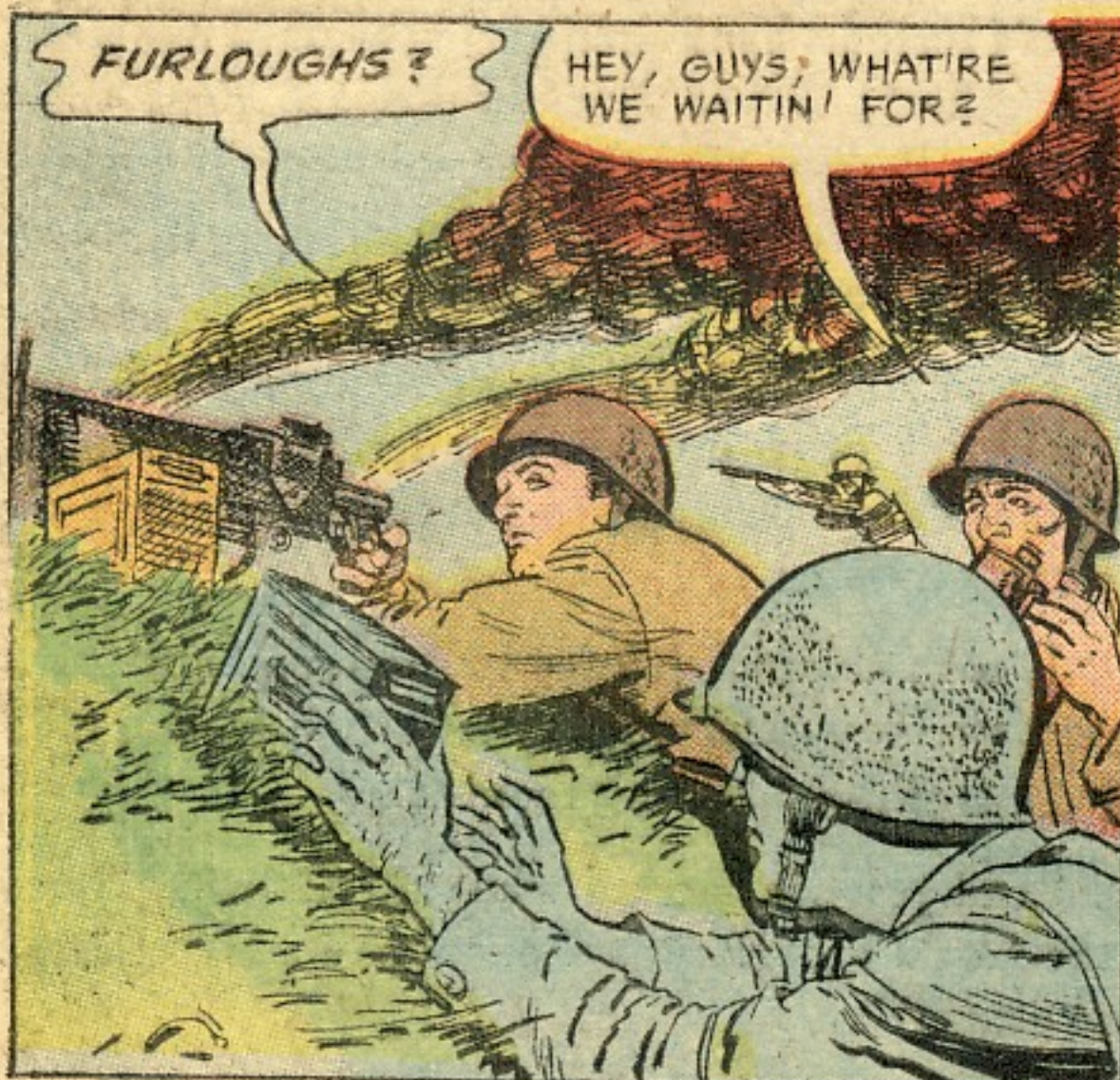
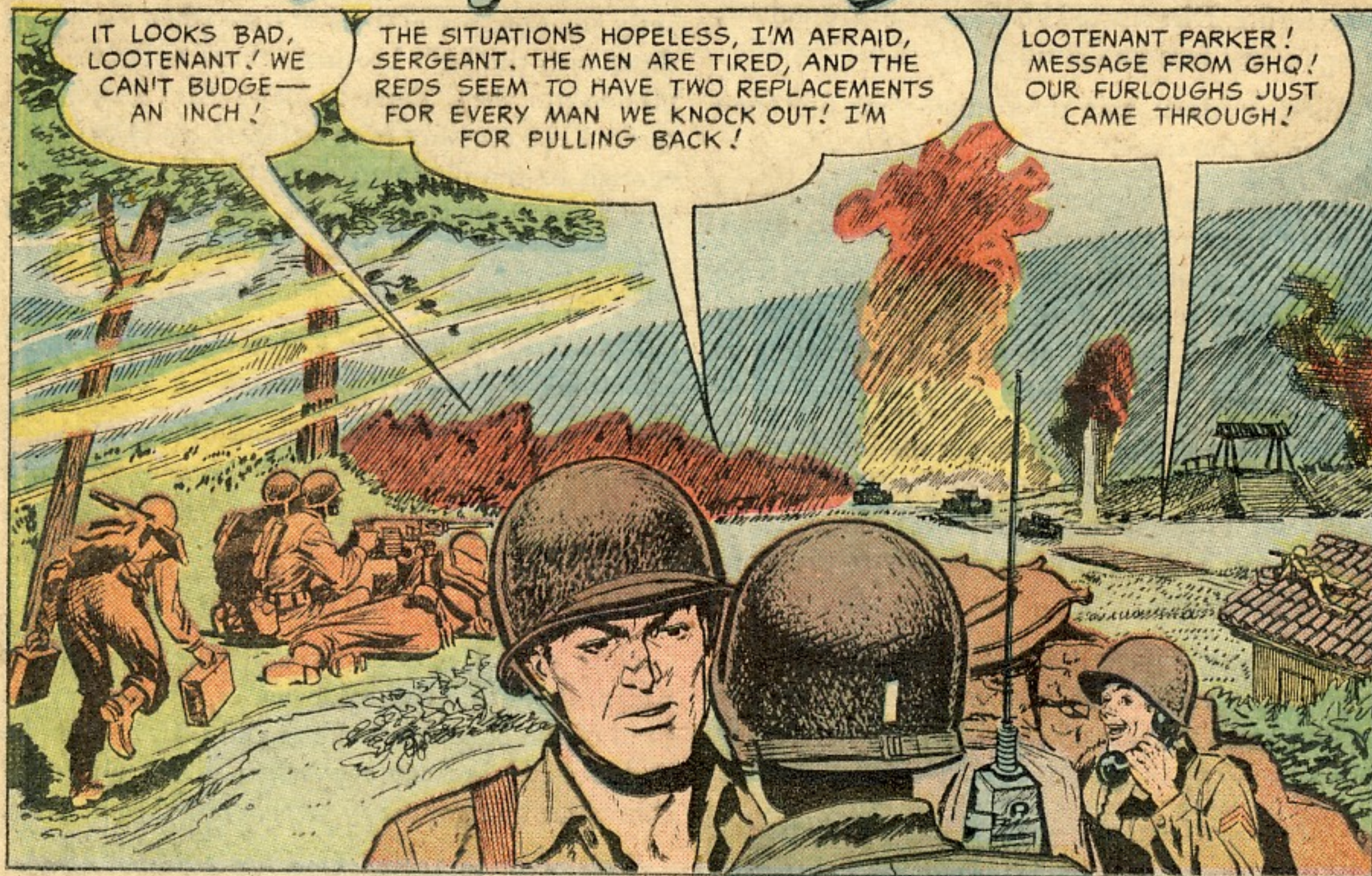
It took Captain Jeffries to snap me back to attention. He was leaning my way slightly, and talking out of the side of his mouth:

"Did you see the kid when the Colonel pinned the medal on? He was shaking like a leaf! Scared to death!"

THE END

G.I. Joe *in* *The Sleeping Beauty*

EVERY G.I. THINKS OF HIMSELF AS A PRINCE CHARMING, BUT SELDOM DOES HE HAVE THE CHANCE TO AWAKEN A REAL SLEEPING BEAUTY. OUR STORY OPENS SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. BAKER COMPANY FIGHTS AGAINST TREMENDOUS ODDS TO CAPTURE AN IMPORTANT BRIDGE ...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

YAHOOO! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

CEASE FIRE, MEN! OUR REPLACEMENTS ARE DUE IN AT 2000!



BAKER COMPANY RETURNS TO ITS BASE. THE NEXT DAY, JOE AND MULVANEY PREPARE FOR THEIR FURLOUGH. IN THE BARBER SHOP...

FIORE MARA, THE CREATOR OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN! AND NOW I GIVE HAIRCUTS TO UGLY SOLDATS! UGH!

THEY CALLED ME

QUIT YOUR BEEFING! YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!



JUST WAIT AN' SEE! YOU'LL BE BACK ON FIFTH AVENUE, FIORE.

YOU ARE MY ONLY FRIEND, JOE! YOU UNDERSTAND THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

TOKYO, HERE WE COME! BOY, ARE WE GONNA HAVE OURSELVES A TIME-- BEAUTIFUL WOMEN FALLIN' ALL OVER US!



HEY, WHAT IS THIS? YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM HE COULD COME WITH US, DID YOU? HE'LL CRAMP OUR STYLE!

KNOCK IT OFF, SARGE! FIORE'S GOT NO OTHER FRIENDS!

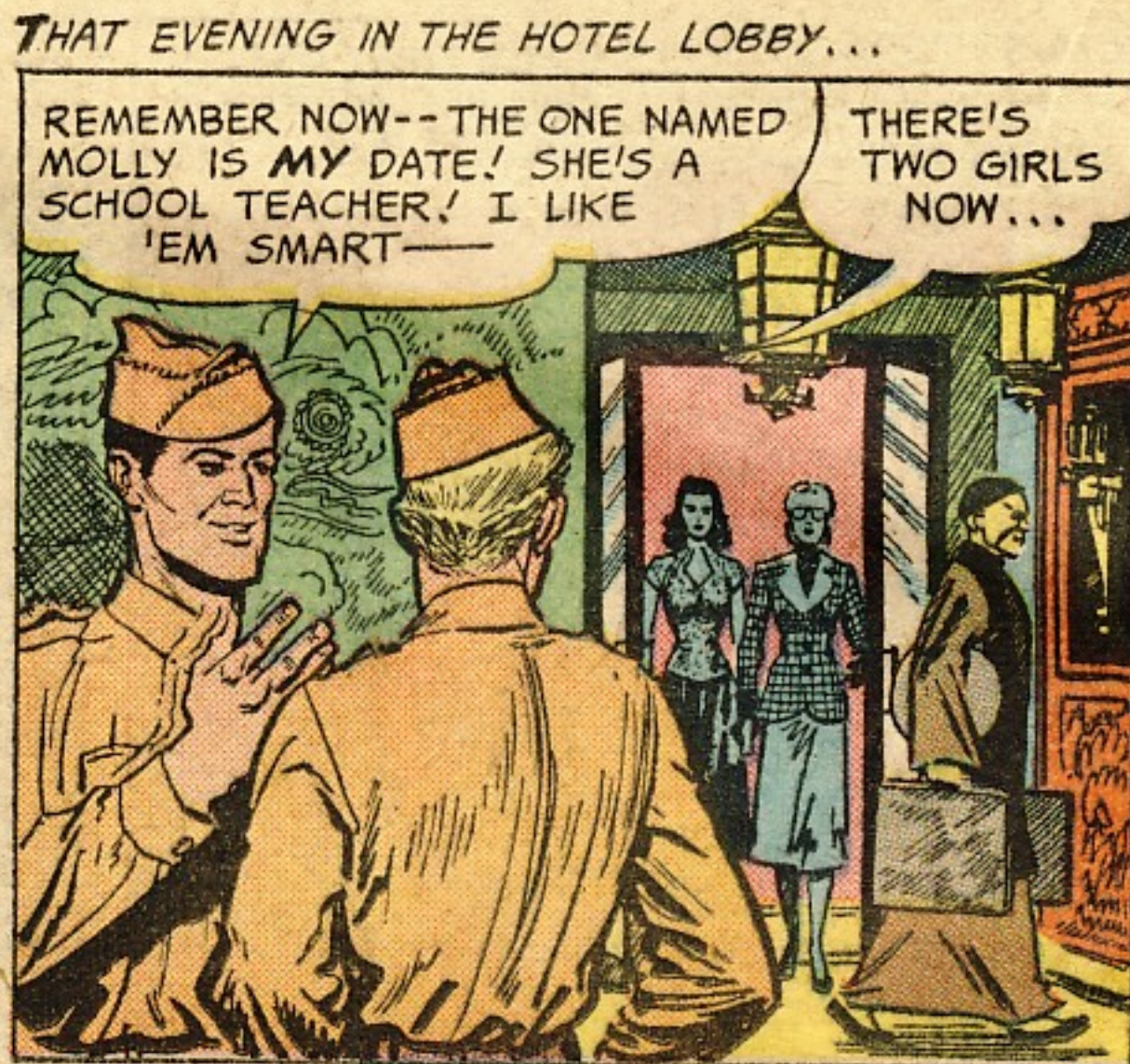


IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM IN TOKYO, A DAY LATER...

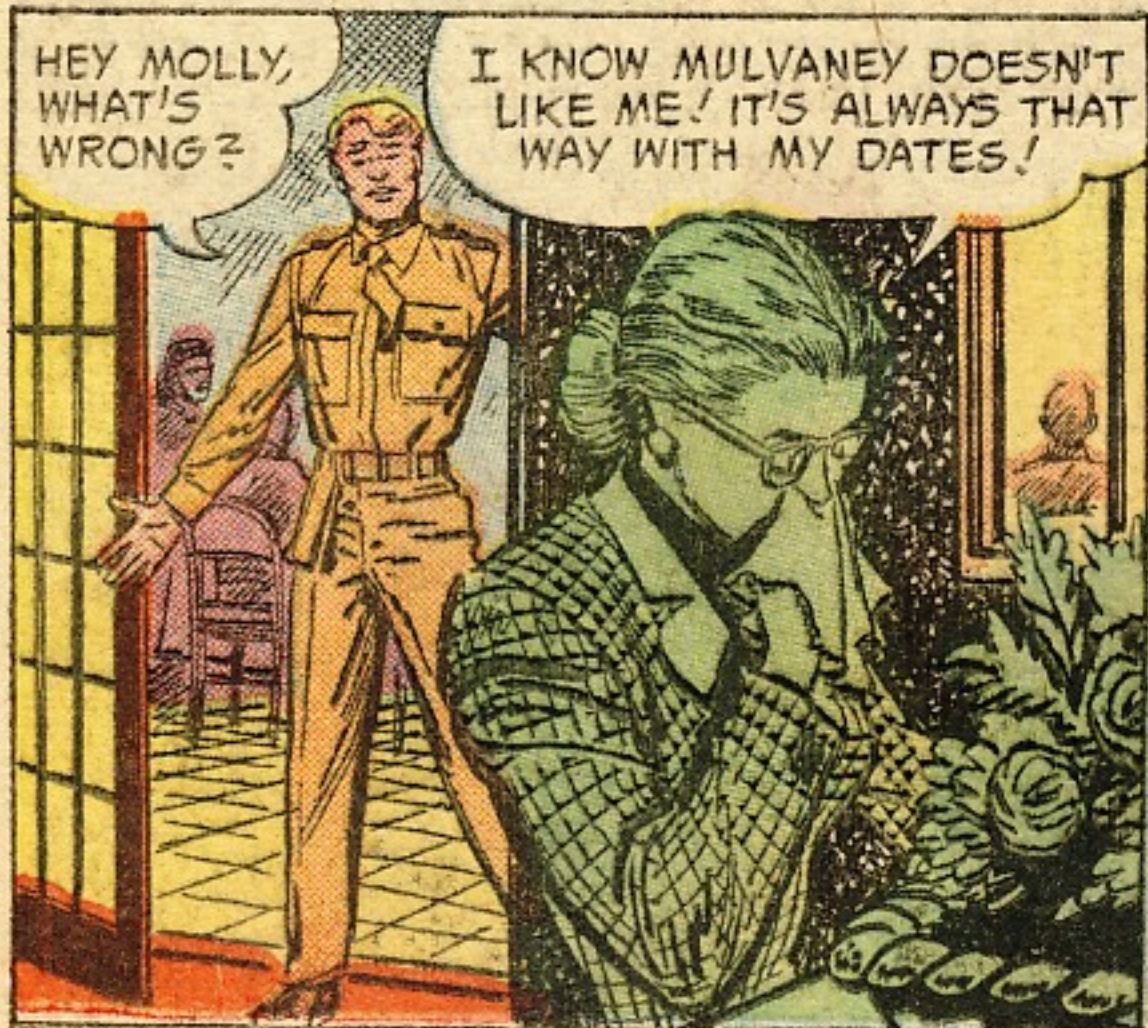
HEY, JOE! JOE! I JUST RAN INTO SLIM HODGES, AN OLD BUDDY OF MINE! HE PROMISED TO LINE US UP SOME REAL GLAMOR GALS!

BOYBOYBOY! DAMES!





WHEN NEITHER MOLLY NOR MULVANEY RETURNS, JOE GOES TO LOOK FOR THEM...



JOE TRIES TO CHEER UP THE UNHAPPY GIRL BY TAKING HER OUT ON THE TOWN...



IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, WE CAN GO SOMEPLACE ELSE!

NO--- IT'S FINE HERE, JOE!



THE GUYS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT THIS JOINT!



WHATTA YA THINKING ABOUT, MOLLY?

NOTHING, JOE-- I'M JUST ENJOYING MYSELF!

MUCH, MUCH LATER...



THAT WAS A LOT OF FUN. IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TOMORROW NIGHT, WE COULD TRY SOME MORE PLACES!

I'D LOVE TO, JOE! THANKS... GOOD NIGHT!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU! WHADDA YA GO OUT WITH A SCHOOL TEACHER LIKE MOLLY FOR, WHEN I CAN GET YOU A REAL LOOKER? THERE'S A MESS OF GOOD-LOOKIN' SHOWGIRLS IN TOWN!

MOLLY'S A GOOD KID, SARGE! I LIKE HER!



SAY, FIORE, WHADDA YA SAY YOU AN' ME TAKE A WALK? I WANT YUH TO DO ME A FAVOR!

IN THE WEEK THAT FOLLOWS...



WHAT'RE YOU TWO COOKING UP, ANYWAY? WHAT'S THE BIG SECRET?

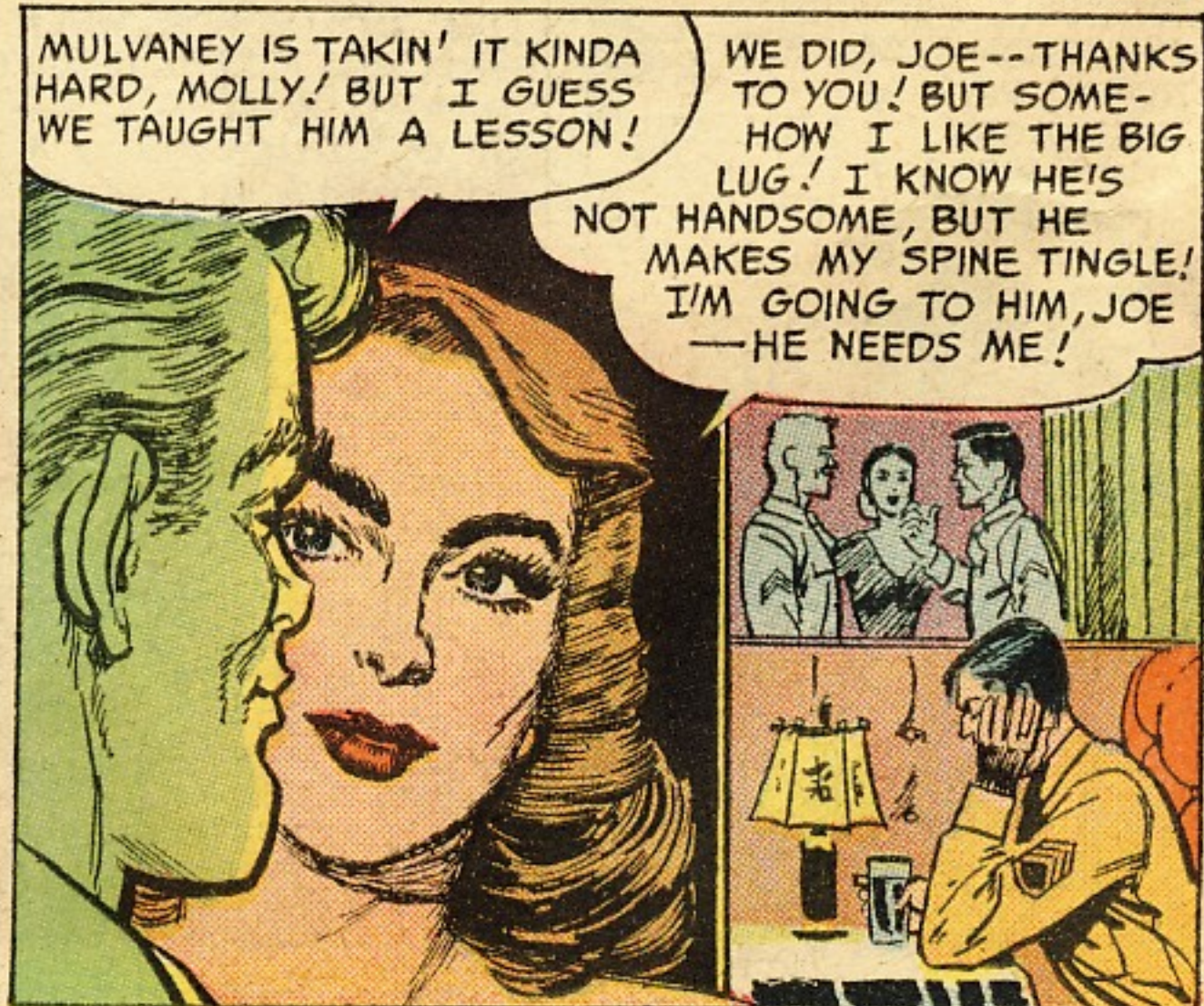
NOTHIN' YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN, MULVANEY! SAY, HOW ABOUT TAKIN' MOLLY TO THE COMPANY PARTY TONIGHT?



NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU CAN TAKE THE SCHOOL MARM! I GOT A DATE WITH A REAL TOMATER!

OKAY, SARGE! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY IN ONE OF TOKYO'S NIGHT CLUBS...



ROMANTICALLY INCLINED?

THEN YOU MUST READ THESE
BIG HITS IN ROMANCE COMICS!

NOW ON SALE!

AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

Breathless
heartthrobs of



Ideal stories of



Thrillingly enchanting
tales of



Real-life
revelations of



Wholesome Reading For The Entire Family

KID COWBOY
THE HAWK
CRIME CLINIC
EXPLORER JOE
SPARKIE

STRANGE CONFESSIONS
CRUSADER FROM MARS
SPEED SMITH
FLYBOY
ELLERY QUEEN

WEIRD THRILLERS
WILD BOY
BEANBAGS
FAMOUS STARS
PERFECT LOVE

G.I. Joe in

NEXT WEEK

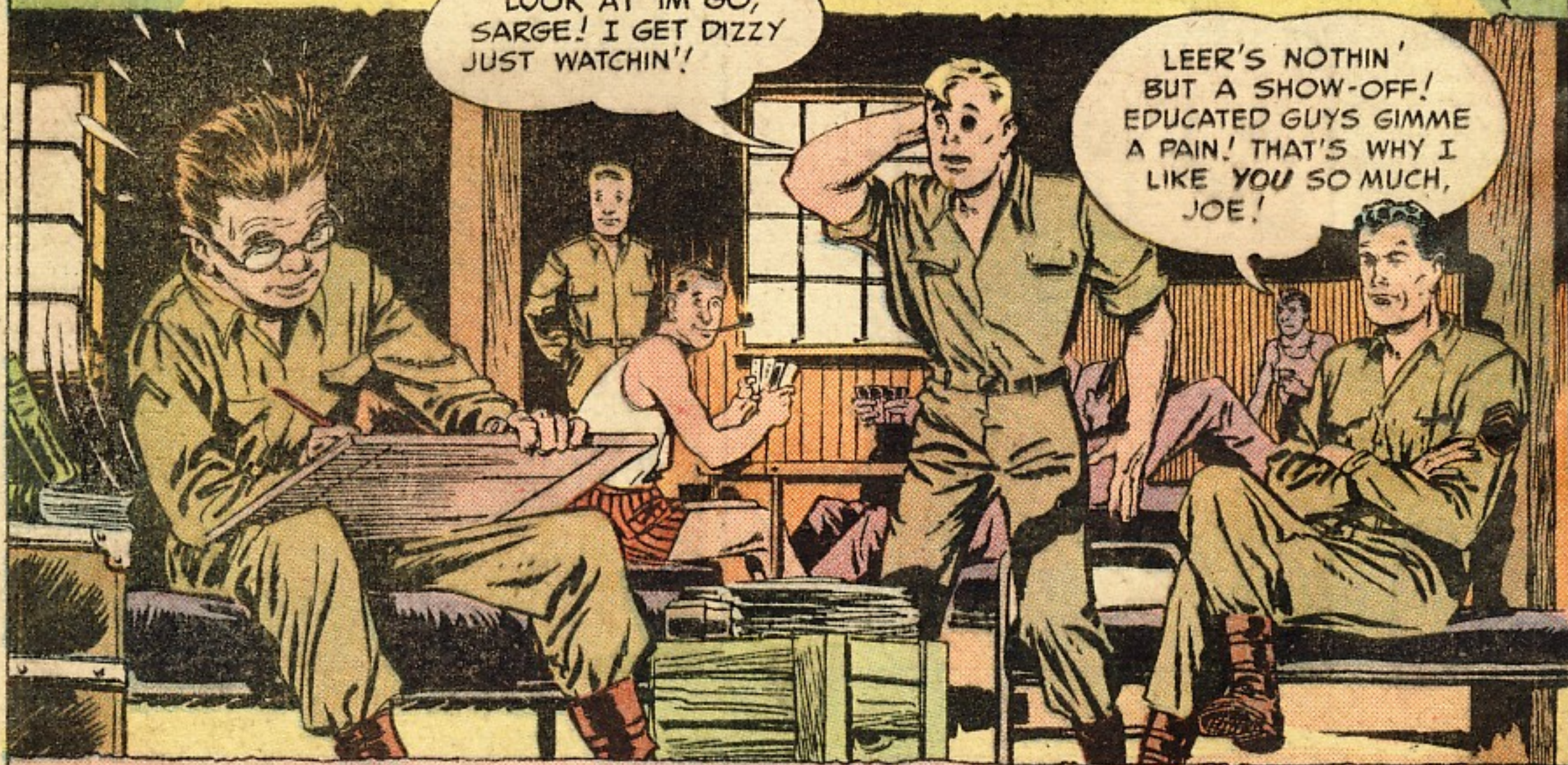
"EAST LYNNE"



TITUS LEER

LOOK AT 'IM GO,
SARGE! I GET DIZZY
JUST WATCHIN'!

LEER'S NOTHIN'
BUT A SHOW-OFF!
EDUCATED GUYS GIMME
A PAIN! THAT'S WHY I
LIKE YOU SO MUCH,
JOE!



WHENEVER THE MEN OF BAKER COMPANY GET SOME TIME OFF FROM THE NERVE-WRACKING BUSINESS OF WAR, THEY SPEND THE PRECIOUS FEW MINUTES IN SLEEP, LETTER-WRITING AND ANYTHING ELSE THEY CAN CRAM INTO THE PRECIOUS MOMENTS. SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN KOREA, PFC TITUS LEER HAS SPENT EVERY REST PERIOD ON HIS PLAY, A TRAGEDY ENTITLED "ONCE MORE THE SUN." NOW JOE AND MULVANEY WATCH TITUS AS HE SCRIBBLES AWAY AT HIS "MASTERPIECE"...

FINISHED! AH! I CAN
SEE IT NOW IN LIGHTS:
"ONCE MORE THE
SUN," A NEW PLAY BY
THE BRILLIANT TITUS
LEER. I CAN HEAR THE
AUDIENCE: "BRAVO! BRAVO!
AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"

IF THAT LOONEY
DON'T SHUT UP HE'LL
SOON HEAR FROM
MY SIZE NINE
BOOT!

EASY, SARGE!
LET THE GUY
ENJOY HIS DREAMS!

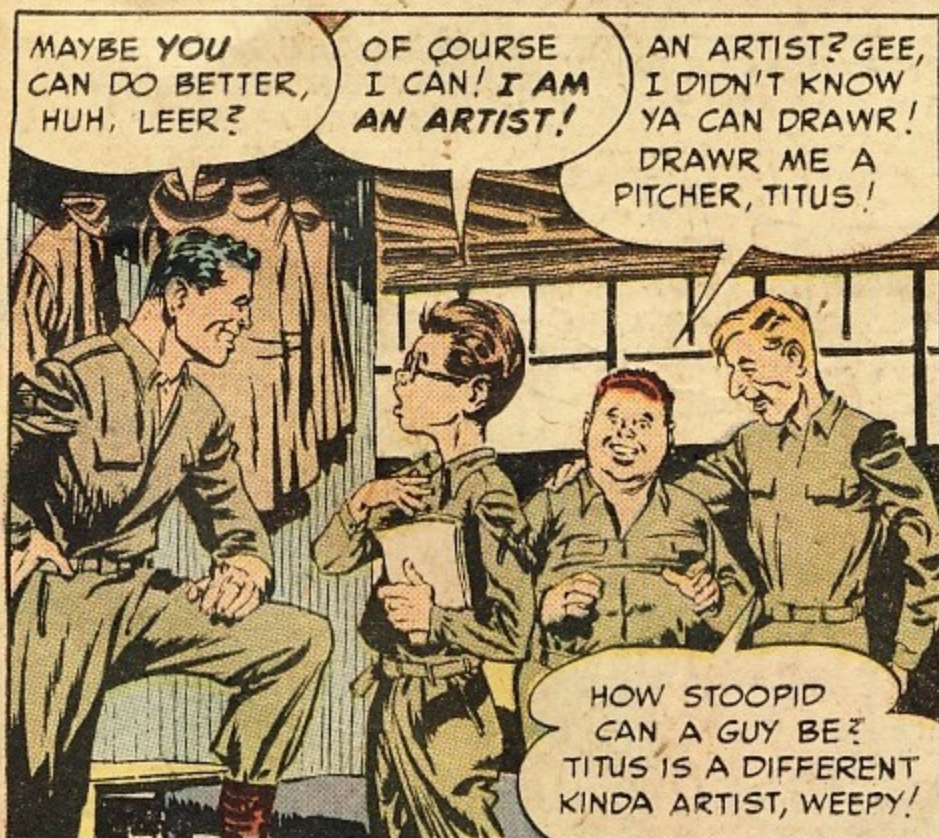


LISTEN, BURCH, KNOCK
OFF THAT HIGH-FALOOTIN'
SPIEL! YOU'RE
TALKIN' TO A DOPE
LIKE YERSELF,
UNNERSTANZ?

YES, SIR,
SERGEANT
MULVANEY!
YES, SIR!

HEY, GUYS!
GOOD NEWS!
SOME BROADWAY
SHOW PEOPLE
ARE COMIN'
T'ENTERTAIN
US! THEY'LL
BE HERE IN
T'REE WEEKS!





SOME DAYS PASS, AND "ONCE MORE THE SUN" GOES INTO REHEARSAL...

WE'RE SURE LUCKY YA FORGOT T'MAIL THIS DRESS TO YER GAL BACK HOME, SARGE! IT FITS ME PERFECT! BUT WHAT KINDA GAL IS SHE? I AIN'T A **MIDGET**, YA KNOW!

IF YA **MUST** KNOW, IT WAS FOR MY AUNT MATILDA! NOW SHUT UP AN' LISTEN! JOE, YOU'LL BE GERALDINE, THE RICH FILLY FROM BOSTON! I'LL BE YER OLD MAN, MR. CRENSHAW! AN' WEEPY WILL BE LESTER, YER BOY FRIEND!

LISTEN, TITUS! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! C'MON, WHY DON'TCHA WATCH! US?

I COULDN'T STAND IT, WEEPY! THEY'LL BUTCHER MY PLAY!

YOO HOO, GERALDINE! HOW ABOUT A SMOOCH!

THEY'RE CRAZY! NO DAMES!



FINALLY, THE BIG DAY ARRIVES. LT. PARKER GREETES THE BAND OF TROUPERS, HEADED BY SAM CONDON...

OH, THANK HEAVENS FOR BAKER COMPANY! I'M SO TIRED I DON'T THINK I CAN DANCE ANOTHER STEP!

MEANWHILE, THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT EPIC GETS AS FAR AWAY FROM THE "THEATER" AS POSSIBLE...

WELCOME TO BAKER COMPANY, MR. CONDON! WE HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU! MY MEN ARE GOING TO ENTERTAIN **YOU**! NOW IF YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE YOUR SEATS!

WONDERFUL, LIEUTENANT, WONDERFUL!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? WE'LL REALLY ENJOY **THIS**!

MAYBE THIS'LL BE GOOD!

WHETHER IT'S GOOD OR NOT, YOU KIDS BETTER APPLAUD—AND LOUD!

THEY'LL WRECK MY MASTERPIECE! MY WONDERFUL HEART-RENDING TRAGEDY-- THEY'LL -- HUH? WHAT'S THAT?



REDS! THEY'LL MASSACRE THE BOYS! I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM!



REDS! REDS!

BANG! BANG! BANG!





THE BATTLE RAGES FOR FIVE SOLID HOURS. FINALLY, THE REDS FLEE...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE BAKER COMPANY ART PLAYERS APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE OF THEM LOUSY REDS! AND NOW, WE WILL CARRY ON! TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES, GERALDINE WAS JUST ABOUT TO DECLARE HER LOVE FOR LESTER...



YOU KNOW, THIS IS REAL SHOWMANSHIP! I WISH EVERY AMERICAN COULD BE HERE TO WATCH! THEY'D BE PROUD OF THEIR BOYS!





MEANWHILE, "ONCE MORE THE SUN" HAS JUST ENDED,
AND THE PLAYERS COME OUT FOR THEIR CURTAIN CALLS...





PRIVATE FIRST CLASS LEER REPORTING, SIR!

AT EASE, LEER!

MR. CONDON, MEET TITUS LEER, AUTHOR OF "ONCE MORE THE SUN."



YOU DID A FINE JOB, TITUS! YOU KNOW WE REALLY ENJOYED YOUR PLAY! I'D LIKE AN OPTION ON "ONCE MORE THE SUN." IT HAS GREAT PROMISE! WITH A FEW

WHA-WHAT! T-THANK YOU, SIR-- THANK YOU!

PROFESSIONAL TOUCHES IT COULD BE A HIT!



AND, TITUS, WHEN THIS MESS IS OVER, I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK ME UP! MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU!

WHA-WHAT! GEE-- THANKS! THANKS!



GEE, FELLERS, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE WAY I TALKED TO YOU! AND I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU BOYS--

FORGET IT, TITUS! YOU'RE AN OKAY JOE!

YA SURE ARE! YOU DON'T OWE US A THING! AFTER ALL, YOU WROTE THE PLAY!



IMAGINE! THEY LIKED MY **TRAGEDY**! THEY MUST HAVE FELT THE PATHOS... THE HEART-RENDING DRAMA!

THEY SURE DID, KID! RIGHT, SARGE?

RIGHT, JOE! WE HAD THEM IN TEARS!



YES, SIR, LT. PARKER-- WITH A LITTLE PROFESSIONAL WORK-- A NEW FIRST AND THIRD ACT AND A FEW CHANGES IN THE SECOND-- HMM, "ONCE MORE THE SUN" MAY TURN OUT TO BE THE **FUNNIEST COMEDY** TO HIT BROADWAY IN YEARS!

The End

G.I. Joe in The WILTIES ARE COMIN'

BAKER COMPANY MAKES A STRIKING CONTRIBUTION TO AMITY BETWEEN THE UNITED NATIONS WHEN P.F.C. CORNY CRUMBINE, ASSISTED BY SERGEANT MULVANEY AND PRIVATE JOE BURCH, RESTORES THE MORALE OF HIS MAJESTY'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, WHO HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM DRY ROT.



LISTEN, MULVANEY! IT SOUNDS LIKE A THOUSAND CATS BEING TORTURED TO DEATH!

ANOTHER LOUSY RED TRICK! THEY WON'T EVEN LET A MAN SLEEP!



LOOK! SCOTCHMEN!

SKIRTS AND ALL! AND IF THEY DON'T PIPE DOWN, THEY'LL HAVE EVERY RED IN CHINA ON OUR NECKS!



THE CORRECT WOR-R-RD, ME PROVINCIAL POLTROONS, IS SCOTSMEN! AND WE HAPPEN TO BE WEAR-R-IN' THE KILT-- **NOT SKIRTS!** AND I'M SERGEANT-MAJOR MACTAVISH OF HIS MAJESTY'S CAMERON HIELANDERS!



AS FOR YON CONCERT, WE HAVE NO OBJECTION TO OUR OPPONENTS BEING NOTIFIED THAT SCOTS TROOPS ARE FACIN' THEM! ON THE

CONTRAR-R-RY, IT WULL PROBABLY SHATTER-R THEIR MORALE BEYOND REPAIR-R-R!



I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM! I ONLY WANTED TO SEE WHAT YA WORE UNDER-NEATH!

IT'S NOT YER IMPERTINENCE THAT R-REVOLTS ME, MON! IT'S THE FACT THAT I CANNA PIPE WIE MY WHUSTLE AS DRY AS A HOOMIN' BIRD'S NEST!



I CANNA PIPE ME WAY THROUGH THIS HEATHEN COUNTRY WITHOUT SOME GOOD SCOTS WHUSKEY TO WET MY WHUSTLE! AND UNTIL SUCH IS FORTHCOMIN'... **I STRIKE!**

ANGUS, LADDIE, WE HAE NAE WHUSKEY! DINNA BE HASTY, NOW!



STRIKE? WHY, IF ONE OF OUR BUMS PULLED THAT ON ME, **I'D HAVE HIM COURT-MARTIALLED!**

MON, YE'RE **OON-CIVILIZED!** YE CANNA COURT-MARTIAL AN **ARTIST!**



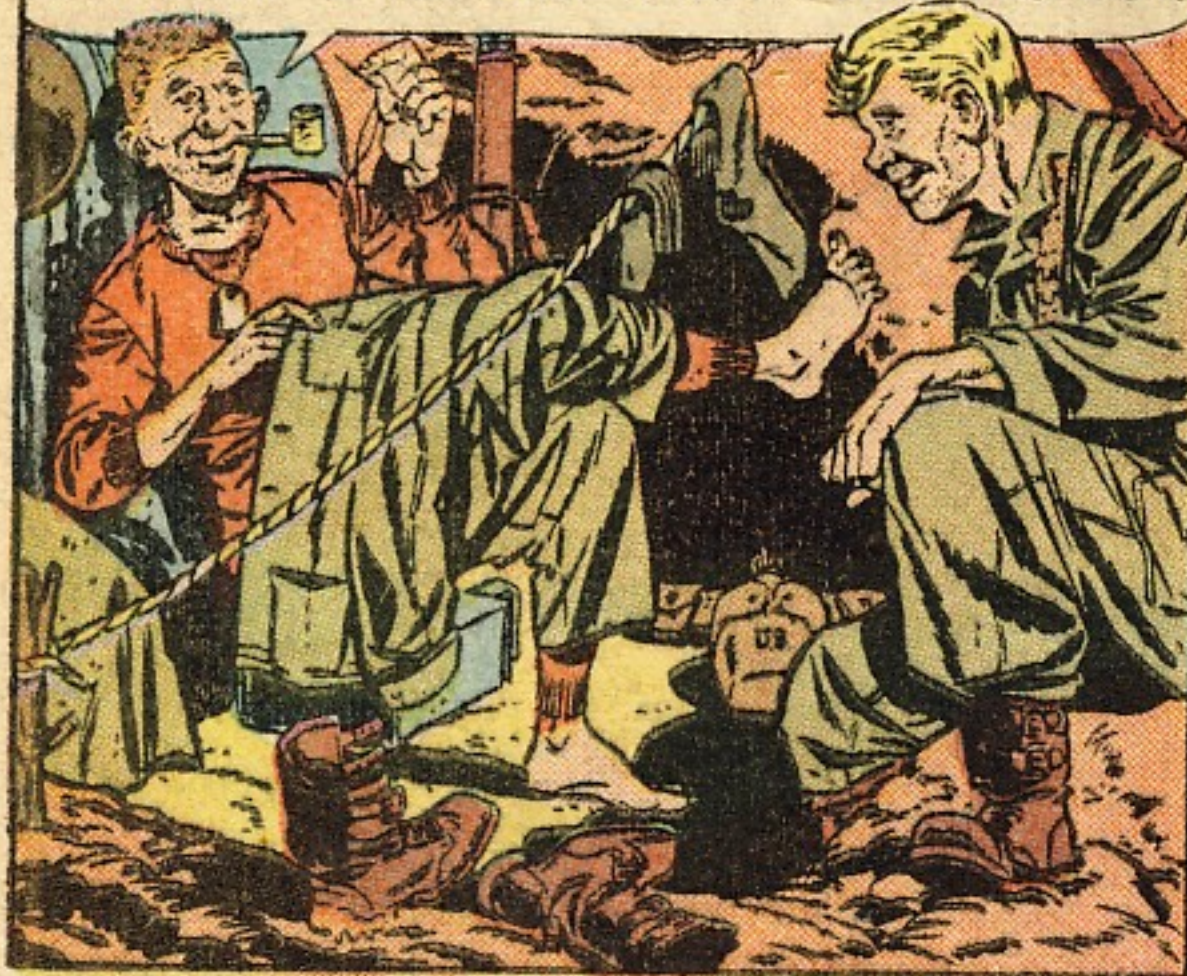
YON ANGUS CANNA PIPE WITHOUT WHUSKEY... A FORM OF REFRESHMENT WE DINNA HAE! AND NO SCOTSMAN CAN FIGHT WITHOUT THE SKIRL O' THE PIPES TO SET HIS BLOOD BOILIN'! ALAS, WE ARE UNDONE AS A FIGHTIN' UNIT!



WAIT A MINUTE! BAKER COMPANY'S GOT A **PERFESSIONAL WHISKEY-MAKER!** JOE, GET CORNY CRUMBINE!

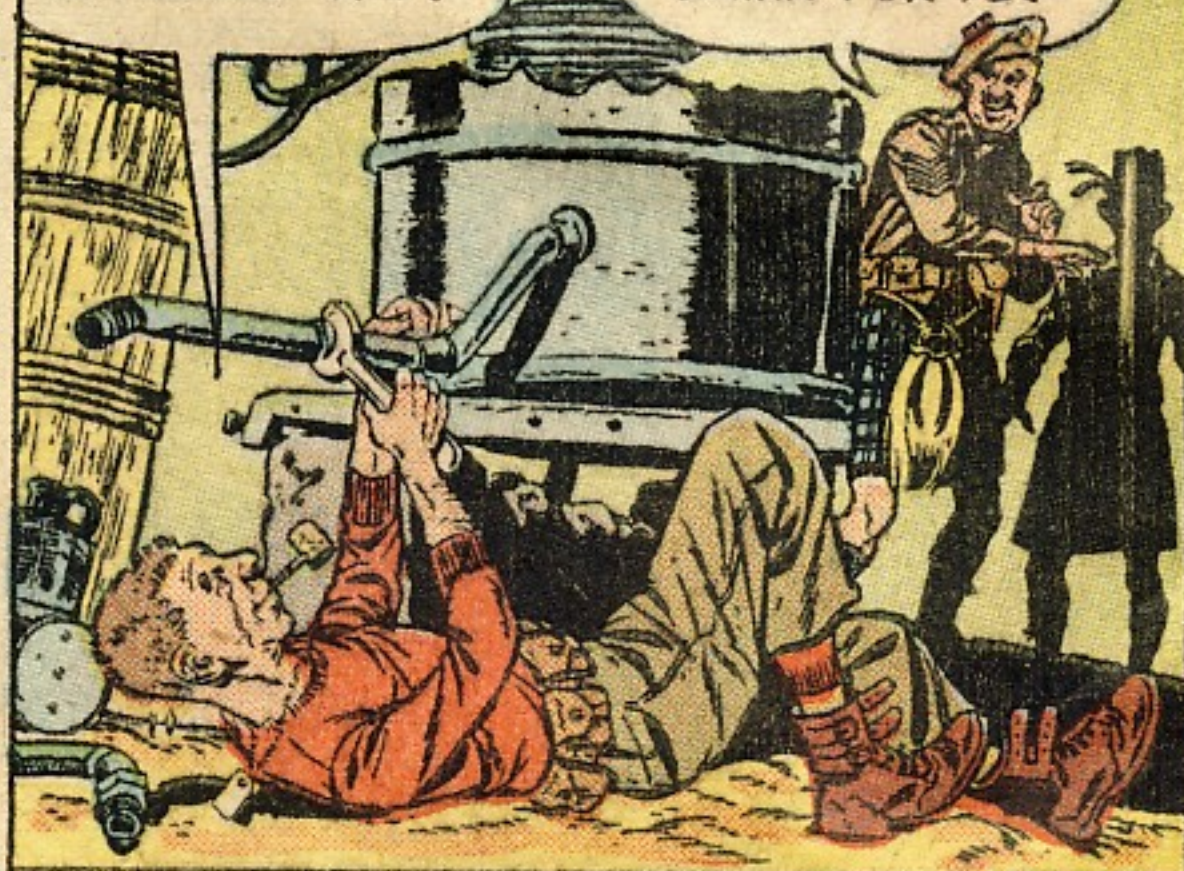


WHY, YEAH, JOE... ME AN' PAP USED TO TURN A RIGHT TASTY BATCH O' MOUNTAIN DEW! I RECKON I KIN HELP THESE FURRINERS OUT!



AH HAD TO DISMANTLE A COUPLA TANKS TO GIT THIS STUFF, BUT AN ALLEY'S AN ALLEY, I ALLERS SAY!

STOP SNIFFLIN', ANGUS, LAD! YON HILLBILLY WEEL SOON HAVE A DRINK FOR YE!



SHUCKS, THAT'S A BETTER STILL THAN THE ONE ME AND PAP HAD BACK HOME! WE'RE ALREADY TO GO INTO PRODUCTION, NOW!

HOW CAN YE PRODUCE, MON? YE'VE NAE BARLEY!



BARLEY? ME AN' PAP ALLERS FAVORED CORN! BUT ANY KIND O' GRAIN WILL WORK, AND THIS COUNTRY'S FULL O' **RICE!**

MAKIN' WHISKEY OUT OF **RICE?** LOSH, YER DISGOOSTIN'!



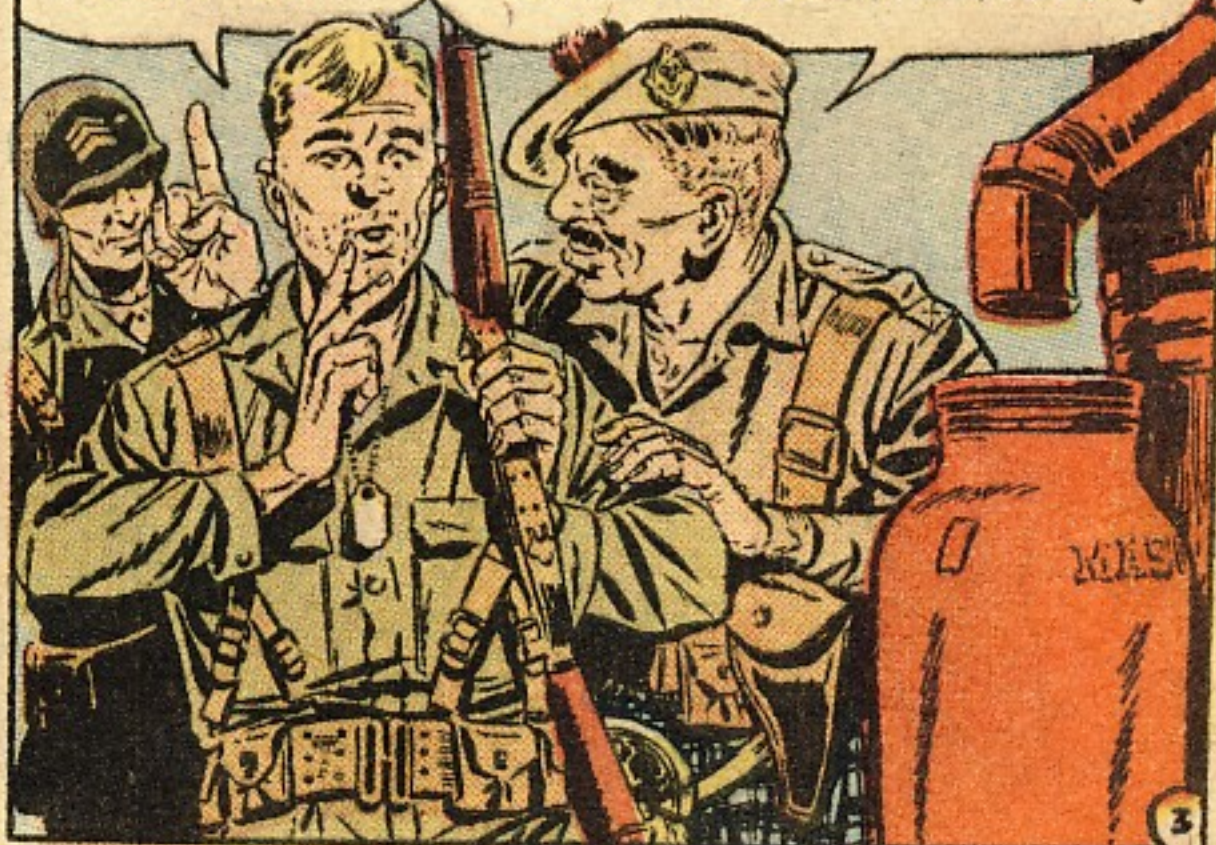
THERE'S NO RICE AROUND HERE, CORNY! YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK!

A VEXIN' PR-RAWBLEM, TO BE SURE!



I KNOW WHERE WE COULD FIND SOME RICE! IN THE ENEMY'S FIELD KITCHEN! WE COULD STEAL SOME... IT WOULDN'T BE QUITE HONEST, MAYBE, BUT...

AN INSPIRED IDEA! AND THIS IS NAE TIME FER FINE ETHICAL DEESTINCTIONS!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

OCH! I HOPE THEY WILL
NAE SHOOT THESE POOR SENTRIES FOR
SLEEPIN' AT THEIR POST!



LOOK OUT!

打恐!!



LAWKS! HE'S A R-R-REGULAR
CANNIBAL!



I LIBERATED THIS BOTTLE OF CHINESE
SCHNAPPS FOR OUR ANGUS. PAIRHAPS IT MAY
CONSOLE THE LADDIE UNTIL YOUR HILLBILLY
GETS INTO PRODUCTION!

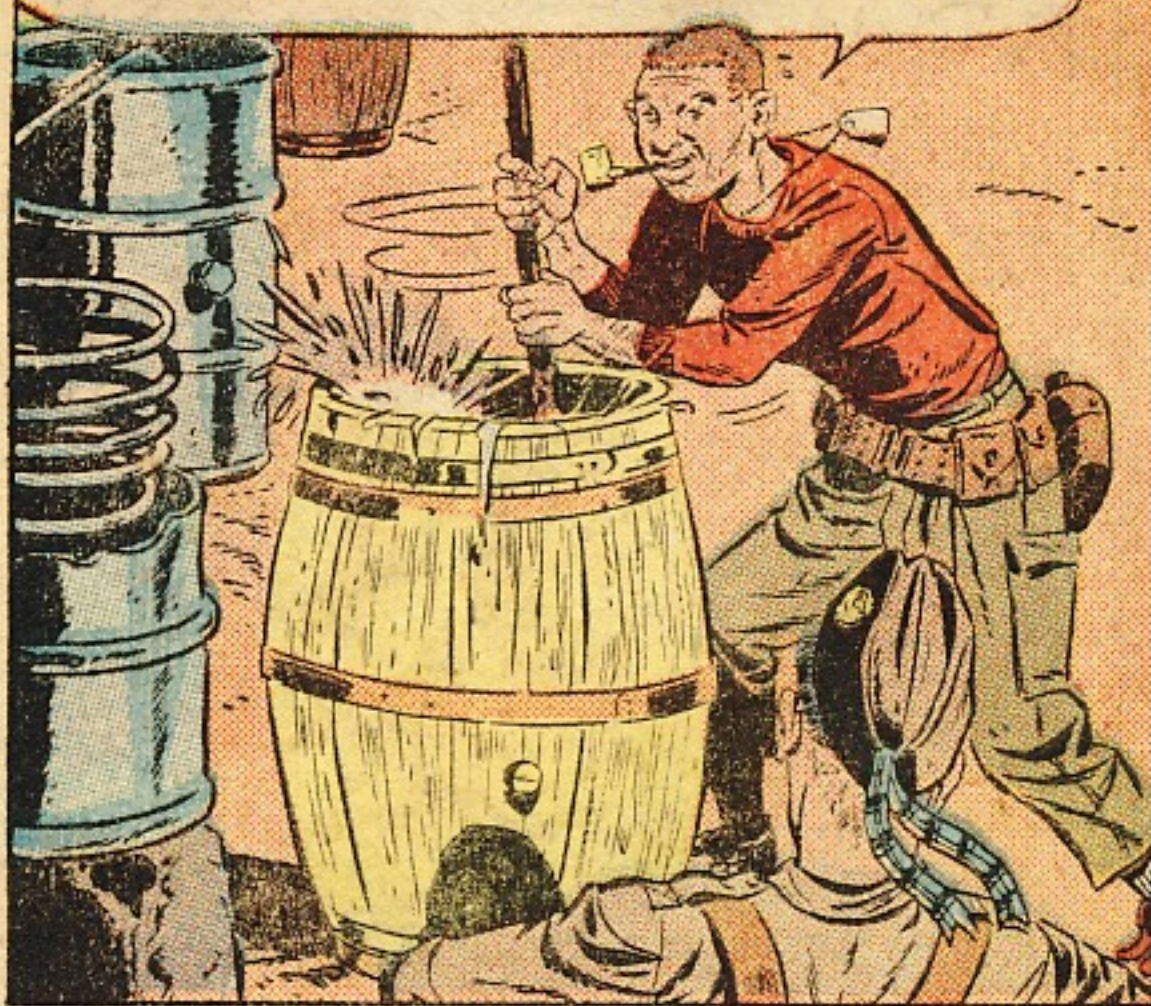


FOOSH! IT'S
THE VERRIEST
DISHWATER!

KEEP YER HEART HIGH, ANGUS!
SEE, EVEN YON HEATHEN
CHINEE IS TRYIN' TO HELP
PRODUCE YER DRAM. PUIR
FELLOW, HE PROBABLY THINKS
HE'S HELPIN' WI A RICE BANQUET.
HAW!

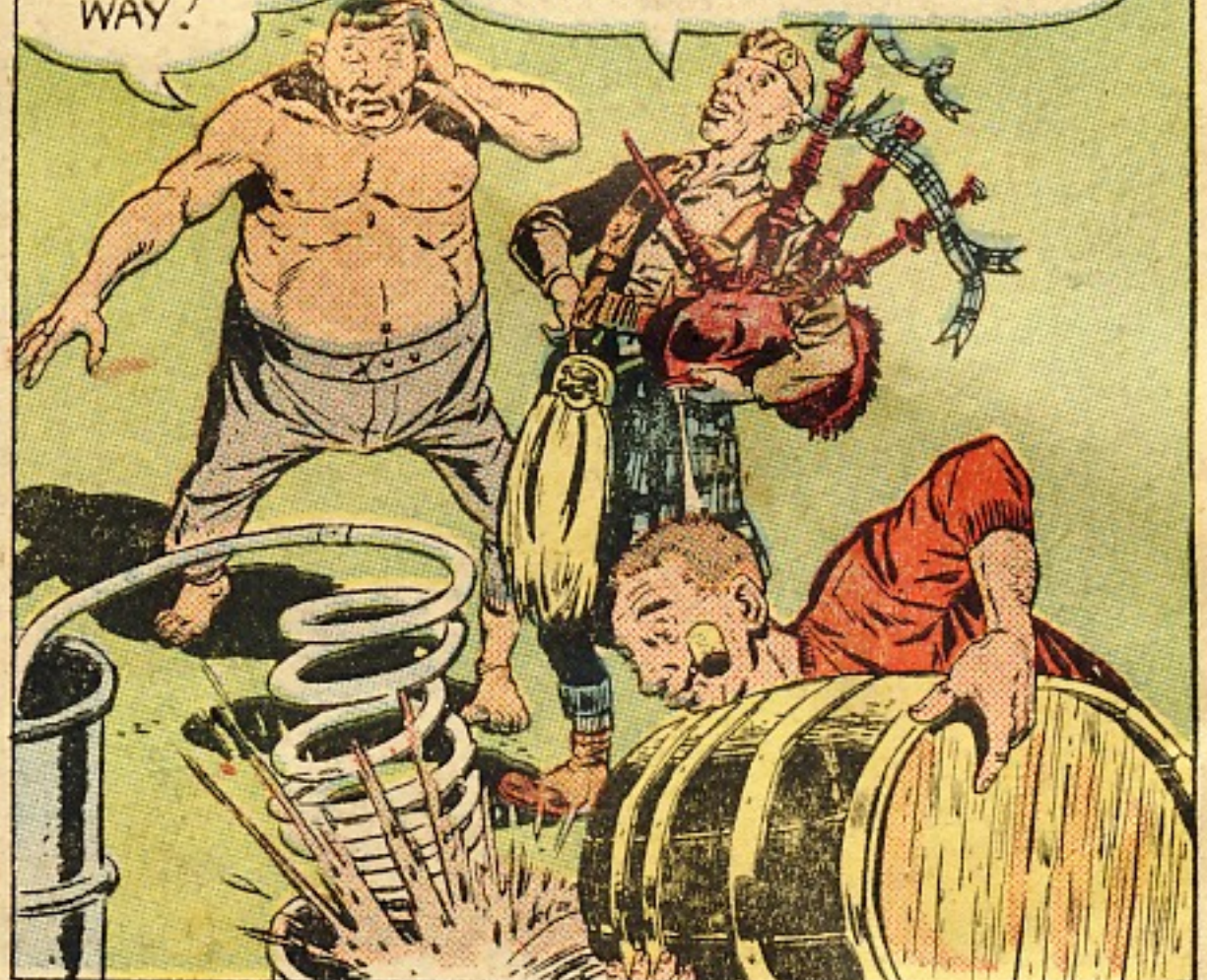


ME AND PAP HAS OUR OWN PATENT PROCESS
FER FERMENTIN' THE MASH IN A HURRY!



HIM COOK
RICE WRONG
WAY!

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK, YE
UNTRAVELLED HEATHEN!



THIS HERE PLACE IS GETTIN'
TO BE JEST LIKE HOME!

I'LL TRY A WEE
SAMPLE!



STAND BACK THAR, BARESHANKS! FUST
WE'RE A-GONNA TRY IT ON THE ENEMY,
HERE!

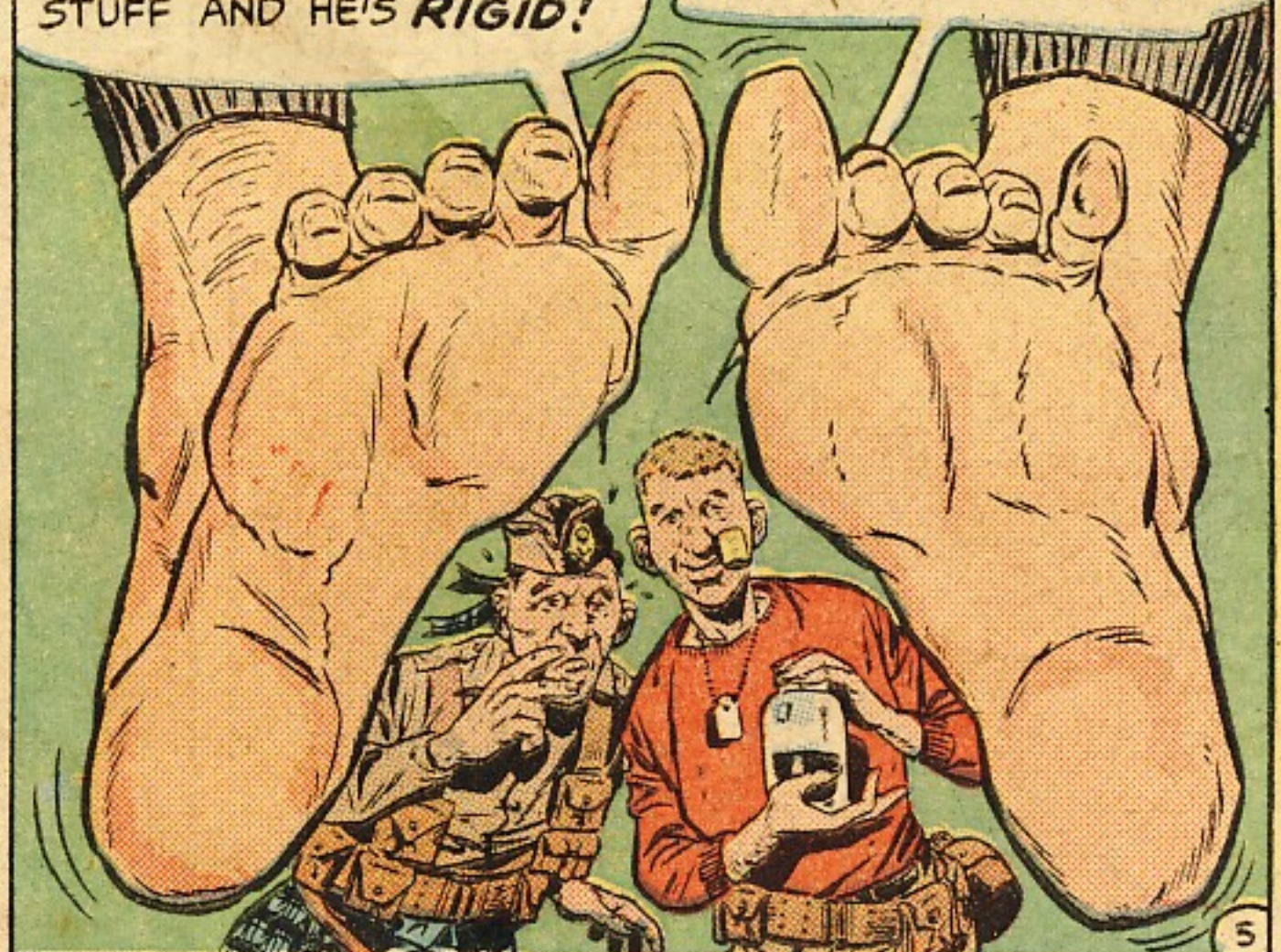


RICE?



THE MEREST SIP O' THE
STUFF AND HE'S **RIGID!**

HIT'S A SUCCESS!!

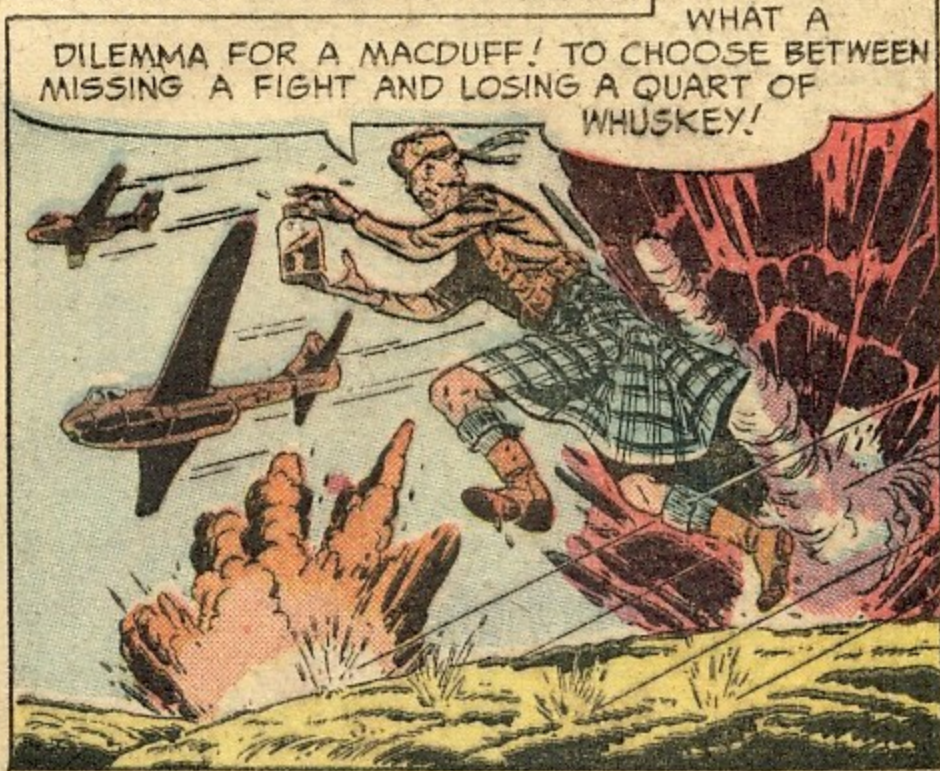




HE'S STILL OUT!

BAAH! HE'S PROBABLY BEEN RAISED ON LIGHT WINES, BEER, AND SIMILAR MISH-MASH! HERE'S YER VERRA GOOD HEALTH, ME OZARK HIELANDER!

SUDDENLY, THE CHINESE STAGE A FEROCIOUS PARALYZING ATTACK IN FORCE...



WHAT A DILEMMA FOR A MACDUFF! TO CHOOSE BETWEEN MISSING A FIGHT AND LOSING A QUART OF WHUSKEY!



GET YOUR MEN OUT OF HERE! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AND HALF A MILE AWAY, THE BATTERED AND BEATEN U.N. FORCES TRY TO RE-FORM.



THERE WAS NOTHIN' TO DO BUT RETREAT! WE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE, SCOTTY!

AYE! YE DID RIGHT, YONK!



GOSHAMIGHTY! EVEN PAP WOULD'VE TAKEN OFF HIS HAT TO YOU!

WHERE'S MA PIPES? INSPIRATION HAS RETURNED IN FULL FLOWER-R-R!

SUDDENLY THE TIRED AND BEATEN MEN HEAR THE STRAINS OF THE OLD HIGHLAND LAMENT FOR FALLEN WARRIORS... "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST ARE THE FIRST TO FALL"...





LET US HAE ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM REDS, SERGEANT-MAJOR! CAN YE NO HEAR ANGUS PIPIN' US TO BATTLE?

AYE, THE LADDIE'S IN FINE FETTER! LET US GO FORWARD, KILTS SWIRLIN' AND PIPES SKIRLIN'!



ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE! HAVE YOUR MEN STAY WHERE THEY ARE!

FOOSH! AND DOUBLE FOOSH! HAE YE NO RED BLUID IN YER BODY? CAN YE NO HEAR THE PIPES?



ON YOUR FEET, YOU BUMS... WE JUST BEEN MADE HONORARY SCOTCHMEN! CAN YE NO HEAR THE PEEPS?



MY, HE PLAYS THAT WINDBAG REAL PURTY, DON'T HE, JOE?

IT'S REAL HORRIBLE MUSIC — BUT IT SORTA GETS INSIDE YA!

MEANWHILE, THE REDS EXAMINE ONE OF THEIR SPOILS OF WAR...



RICE! TO EAT?

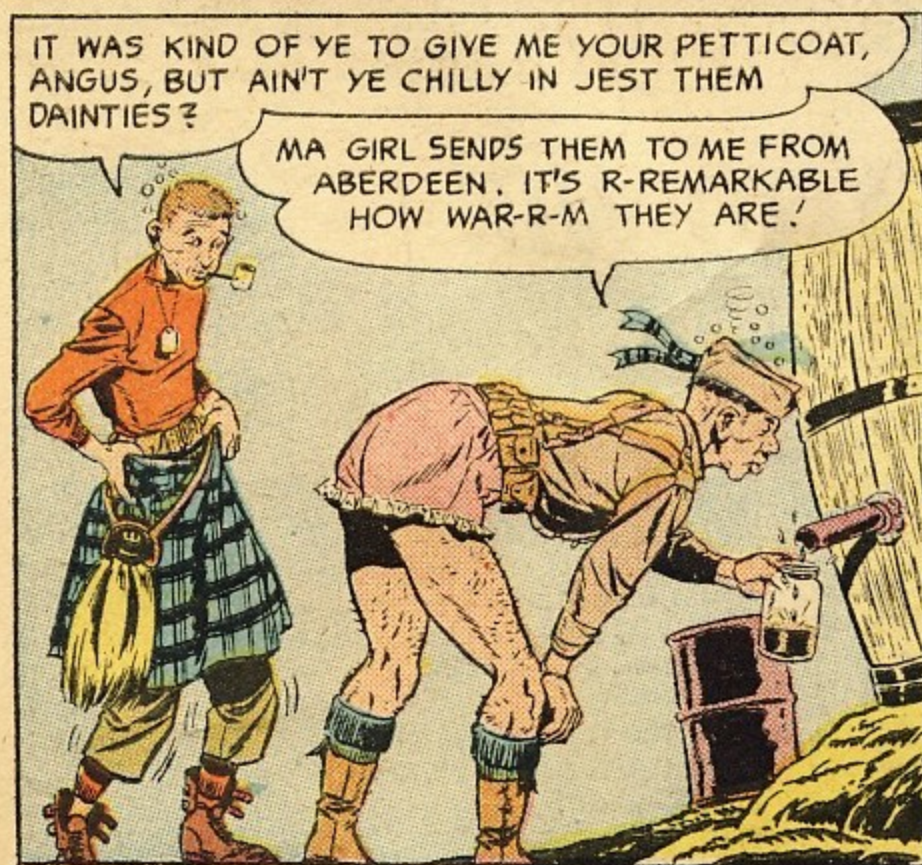
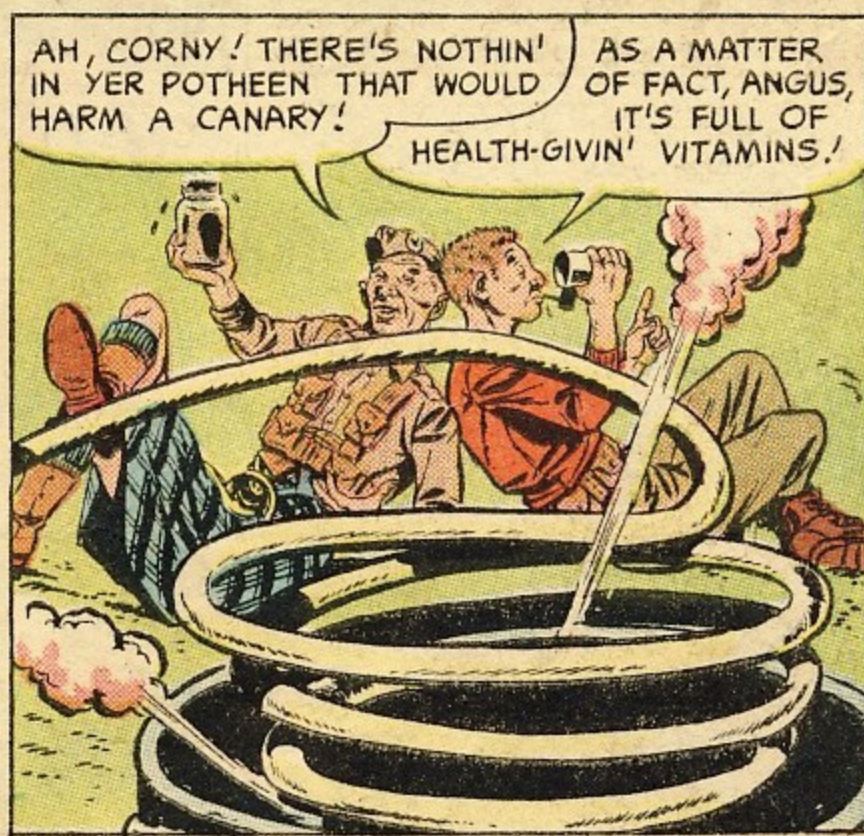
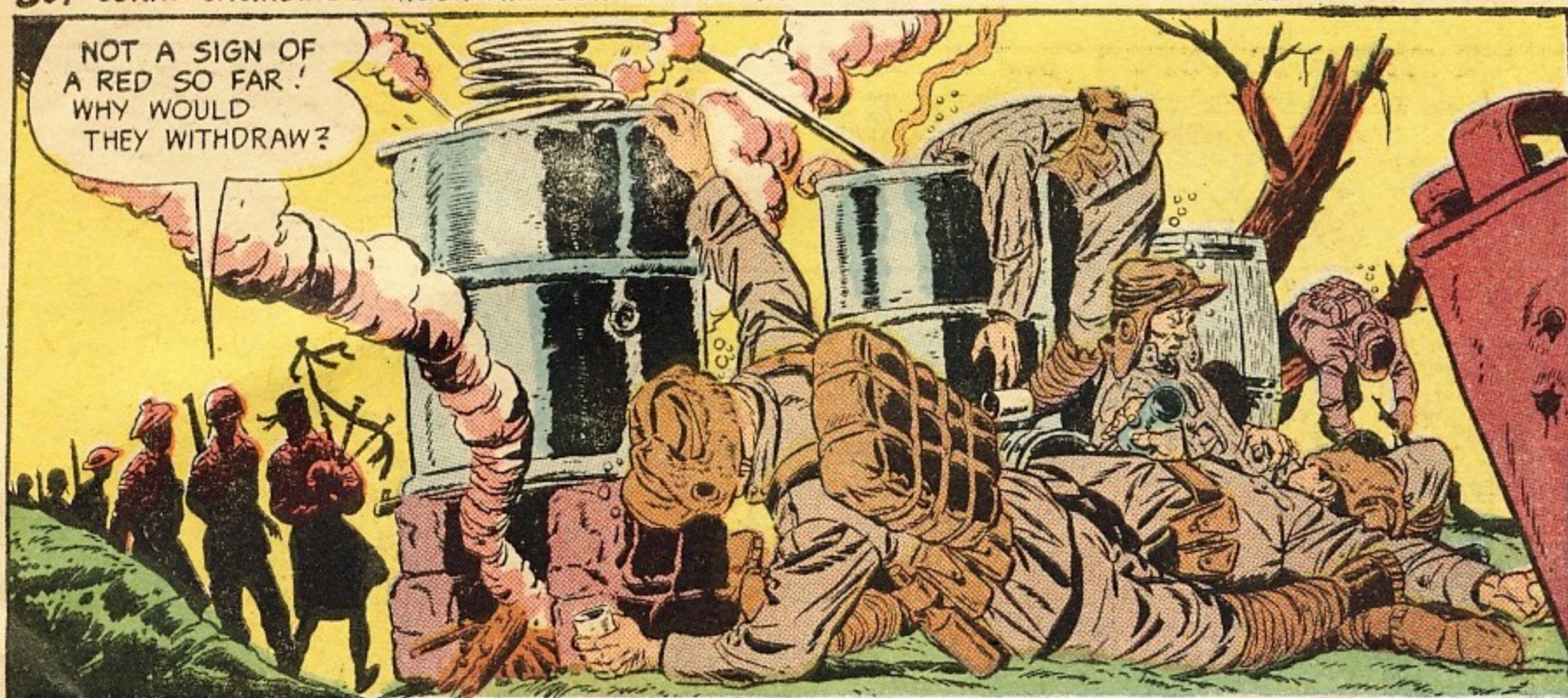
TO DRINK, FOOL!



IT'S STRONG!

BUT MOST INVIGORATING!

BUT CORNY CRUMBINE'S MOUNTAIN DEW PROVES MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE RED ARMY...



THE END

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An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

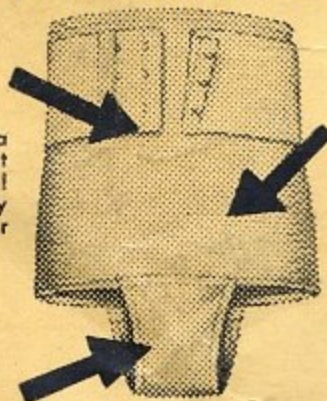
and then he got a
"CHEVALIER"...



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is.....
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone.....State.....

☐ Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2704-E 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.



GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?


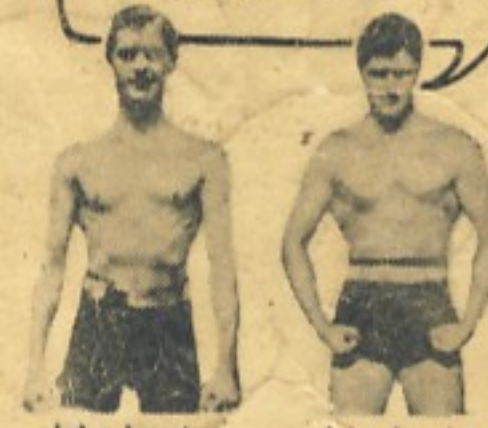


No SIR! — ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

 <p>5 inches of new Muscle</p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 3/4"; fore- arm 1 1/2" — C.S., W. Va.</p>	 <p>What a difference!</p> <p>"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (nor- mal) and 2 1/4" ex- panded." — F.S., N.Y.</p>
<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p>  <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful prog- ress." — W. G., N. J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." — T. K., N. Y.</p> 

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contest — in
competition with
ALL men who
would consent to
appear against
him.

This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched snap-
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Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are,
or how ashamed of your present physical
condition you may be. If you can simply
raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID
MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm
—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a
day—right in your own home—is all the
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen
your back, develop your whole muscular
system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add
inches to your chest, give you a vise-like
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and
powerful. I can shoot new strength into
your old backbone, exercise those inner or-
gans, help you cram your body so full of
pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you
won't feel there's even "standing room"
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!
Before I get through with you I'll have your
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new
beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The iden-
tical natural method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested
weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

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have learned to develop your strength through
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BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

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In it I talk to you in straight-from-
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pupils — fellows who became **NEW
MEN** in strength, my way. Let me
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(Please print or write plainly)

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